

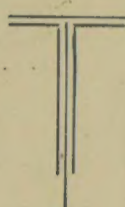
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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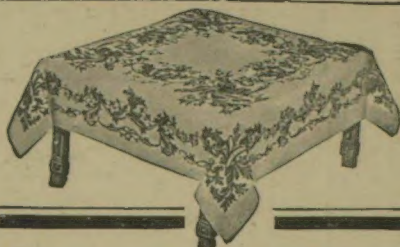
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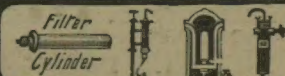
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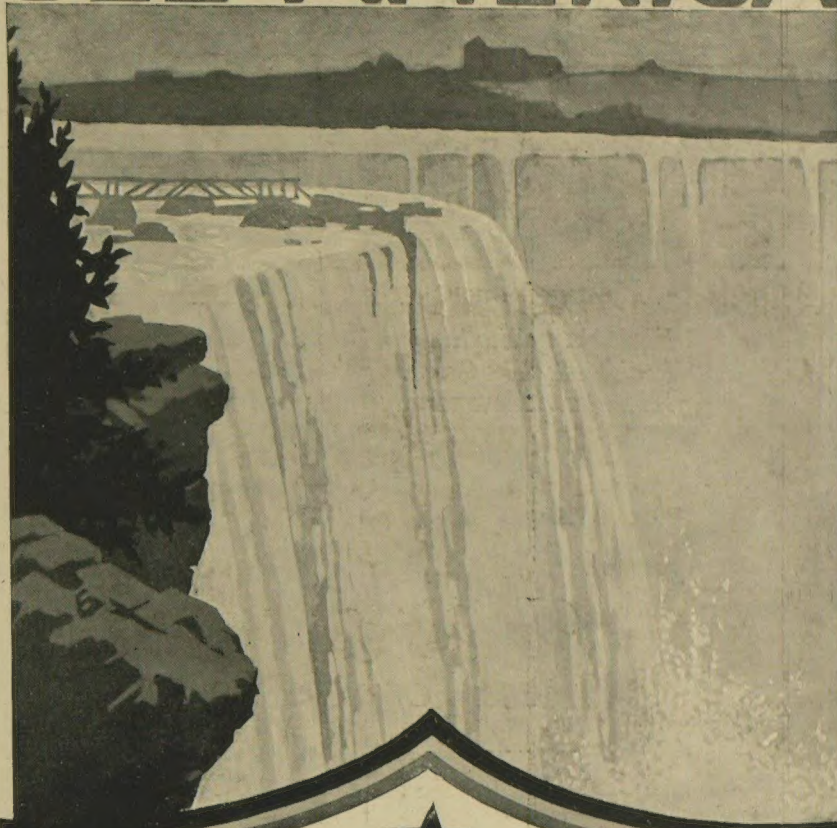
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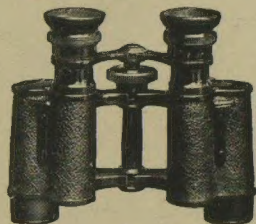
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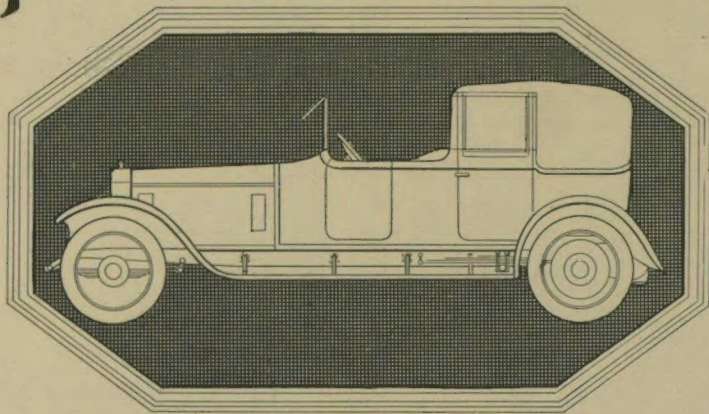
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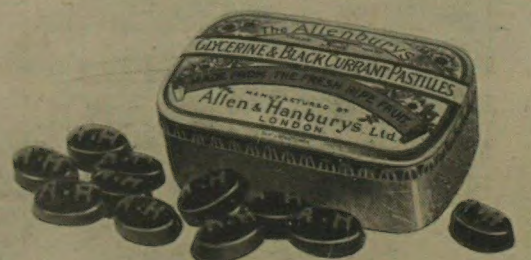
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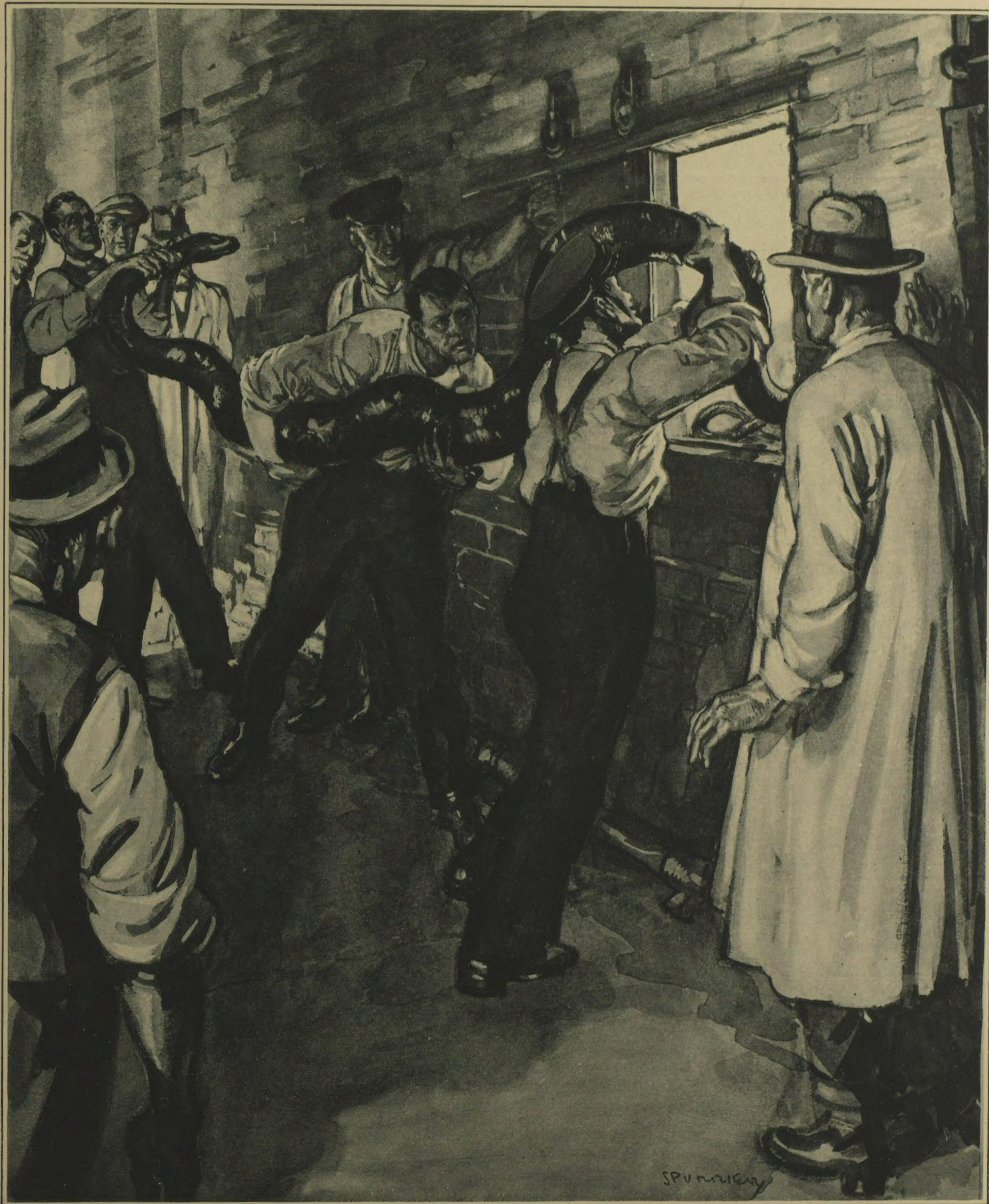


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1922.

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KINKED, TO PREVENT A "LAOCOON" COIL: A HUGE PYTHON, PRESENTED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, BEING PUSHED, TAIL FIRST, INTO THE "ZOO'S" LARGE REPTILE HOUSE—A TASK THAT NEEDED EIGHT MEN.

A large collection of Malay animals which were presented to the Prince of Wales arrived in the Holt liner "Titan" on May 21, and were conveyed to the "Zoo." Among them was a huge python, measuring about twenty-five feet, said to be the longest ever received there. At first the box containing the great snake was placed on a level with the sliding door in the back wall of the Large Reptile House; the lid was partially lifted, and our artist's stick was used to test the

occupant's condition. The python, however, was sleepy, and disinclined to move, so it was decided to lift him out and thrust him in bodily. The Curator seized him quickly and firmly by the neck, while the other men grasped the body at intervals, twisting it carefully into kinks to prevent him from coiling and imitating the Laocoon statue. Thus he was inserted, tail first, into his new abode, the Curator finally giving a rapid push to the head and closing the door.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT has always seemed to me as undesirable to have anonymous articles in public life as anonymous letters in private life. I do not say that the position of the individuals involved is equally indefensible; since for so many individuals conscience is naturally affected by custom. But I wish the conscience had been more lively when the custom was established. Ideally and in the abstract, at any rate, it would seem tolerably obvious that when a journalist is going to accuse a general of cowardice (let us say) the accusation is likely rather to recoil or rebound, if the general cannot discover who has called him a coward. It may be that a certain air of calm and detachment may be imparted, by this method, to the passage in which the newspaper expert criticises the soldier for performing a successful strategic retreat. And I see no reason why there should not be a certain calm and detachment about the anonymous letter in which the discharged cook convicts the curate of murdering his maiden aunt. At any rate, I daresay the cook would be even more agitated over the letter if she had to sign it. But anyhow, I for one have never had any doubt about the intrinsic ideal in the matter; and I count myself lucky, though by no particular merit of my own, in having nearly always been able to sign what I wrote; except in leaders for the *New Witness*, where my name appears equally prominently as editor. But custom has followed the other course; and we all know that thousands of good men accept these ethics of the journalist, just as thousands of others accept the equally disputed ethics of the barrister. To my mind both are dubious, but those of the barrister much the more defensible; because he puts on a fantastic costume and stands in a particular place, by way of warning the public that for a certain definite period he is not going to tell the truth. If all the insincere opinions in the Press were invariably printed in red ink, we should have something like the same fair warning.

There is one very curious result, I think, of reading the unsigned articles in the papers. People not only swallow these things (which seems odd enough in itself), they also really assimilate them; that is, make them a part of themselves. This is one of the psychological effects of reading the nameless notes in the newspapers. That which is impersonal becomes personal, for it becomes a part of our own personality; and that mainly because it does not definitely call up the image of any other personality. When the work is signed it does; especially if the other is a strong personality. A man reading an article by Mr. Belloc or Mr. Bernard Shaw does not generally think he himself has written it. He does not generally think that he could have written it; on the other hand, perhaps, he does not think that he would have written it if he could. Because the thing is a finer criticism

he himself is freer to criticise it; because it has more distinction he is more distinct from it, and sees it more distinctly. He is satisfied with saying: "I see Shaw is telling people such-and-such a thing," or: "I hear Belloc has got an article maintaining so-and-so." But he does not regard the views of the leader-writer in the *Daily Yell* as the views of the leader-writer in the *Daily Yell*. He suffers a singular illusion to the effect that he invented the views himself. He believes and declares that he has always held them. As he does not remember where he got them, so he naturally does not remember when he got them. They have a sudden antiquity.

Thus the newspaper-reader does not distinguish in such a case, as he does when he says that

in some distant country, giving all sorts of gossip and partisan opinions about him, the newspaper-reader will really begin to feel as if he had known the man all his life. He will not say, for instance, "The special correspondent of the *Daily Yell* in Lithuania is very much interested in a politician there. His name seems to be Posky; and the correspondent thinks he is very clever and promising and prompt in an emergency, though he also admits that he has behaved rashly on certain occasions of which I cannot judge." What he says is "Good old Posky! Now, you know, I can't help liking that fellow! There's something about him that makes you feel a confidence in him when you're in a hole; sure to get out of it somehow, and come out on top after all. Has his faults, you know; I'm not blind to Posky's faults: a bit hot-

headed and always ready to take a leap in the dark. That's just like Posky! But, between ourselves, my opinion is that it's just a man like Posky we want in a case like this; he's got just that sort of ——" and so on and so on, for all the world as if this shadowy Lithuanian had been an old friend and business partner with whom he had occasionally had differences of opinion. It never occurs to the reader that other people in Lithuania might have other things to say about this particular Lithuanian. He does not realise that he is rather too far away to know what is said about Mr. Posky by Mrs. Posky, let us say, or even by the other Poskys, not to mention the Woskys, the Noskys, the Koskys, and the rest. He cannot be expected to know that Mr. Posky is regarded by many as a hireling in the pocket of that enormously wealthy financier, Mr. Josky. One impression, noted down by one foreigner, at one moment, from one motive, a motive more or less unknown, is quite enough to make this unknown person a vivid, subtle, and many-sided person-

ality. But that is not the unique and peculiar point. The point is that this illusion is created by impersonality and not personality. The story is accepted not because the story-teller is trusted, but because the story-teller is forgotten.

A man who lived a hundred years ago can be made as vivid as the personality of Dr. Johnson; but that is done by the personality of the biographer. A man who never lived at all can be made as vivid as the personality of Sam Weller; but that is done by the personality of the novelist. It is done, in the true sense of a neglected logical connection, by the authority of the author. But in the journalistic case it is the whole point that the author has no authority. It is in a sense that the author has no existence. He vanishes from view, like the pane of glass in front of a landscape. In a word, the whole effect is produced not by authority, but by anonymity.



HOMEWARD BOUND FROM GENOA AFTER HIS GREAT "EFFORTS IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE": THE PREMIER, WITH MRS. LLOYD GEORGE AND THEIR DAUGHTER MEGAN, ON BOARD A CHANNEL BOAT.

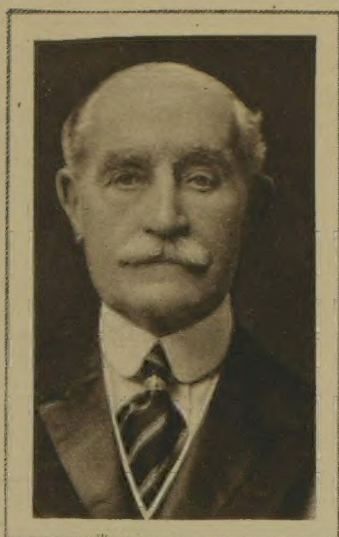
Mr. Lloyd George, with his wife and daughter, returned to London on Saturday, May 20, after his six-weeks' absence at the Genoa Conference. The boat which brought them from Calais to Dover was an hour late through fog. Many distinguished people, including Mr. Austen Chamberlain and nearly 200 M.P.'s, gathered at Victoria and gave the Premier a rousing welcome. The Duke of Atholl handed him a message from the King, in which his Majesty spoke of Mr. Lloyd George's "arduous and prolonged efforts in the cause of peace and the economic reconstruction of Europe."—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

Shaw says this or Belloc says that. He leans back in his chair in a genial fashion and says: "Well, you know, I always said the Americans are like our cousins," or whatever it may be. The phrase he uses is a piece of very vague and dubious ethnology, popularised in the Press at certain times when it was thought that we could become Anglo-American by pretending to be Anglo-Saxon. But the point is not that his opinion is false, but that he does not really think it true; he only thinks that he thinks it true. It is not that he has relied on authority without testing it; it is that he has relied on an authority without knowing it.

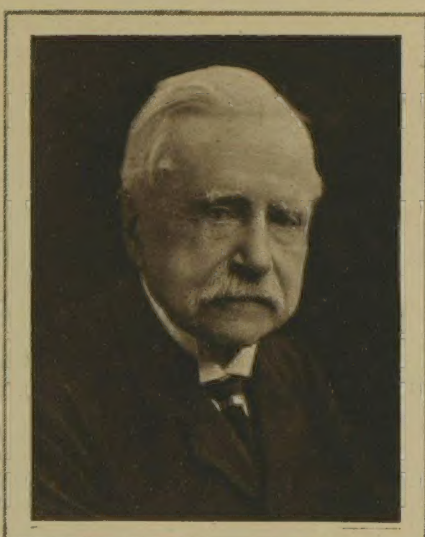
The case is more curious, however, when it does not concern a general type of which he has met some individuals, but when it actually concerns only one individual and he does not even know the general type. If the newspapers mention very frequently the name of some mysterious man

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

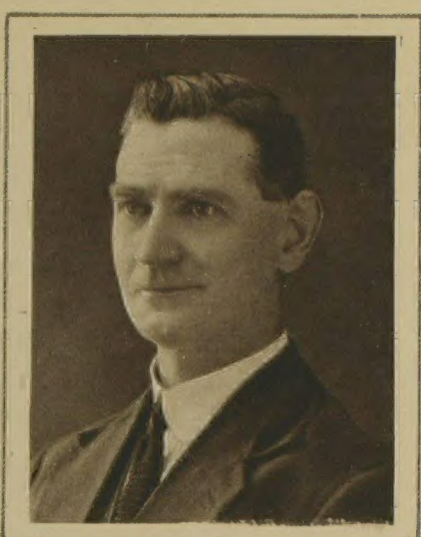
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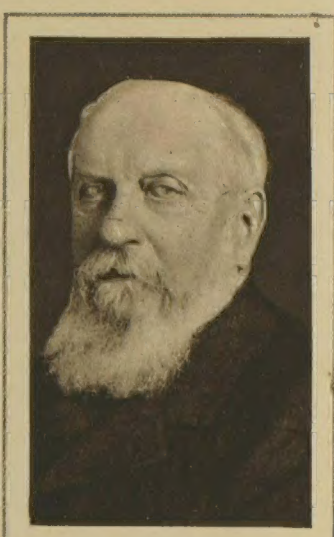
RETIRING: LORD FARQUHAR, LORD STEWARD OF THE HOUSEHOLD.



MARRIED AT 83: PROF. DAWKINS, THE FAMOUS GEOLOGIST.



SHOT DEAD IN BELFAST: THE LATE MR. W. J. TWADDELL, M.P.



EX-CHIEF JUSTICE OF BENGAL: THE LATE SIR COMER PETHERAM.



DISTINGUISHED FATHER OF FAMOUS WRITERS: THE LATE MR. EDWARD CHESTERTON.



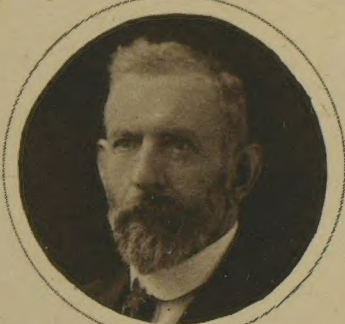
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NOW COMMANDING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: ADMIRAL BROCK.



FORMERLY BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS: THE LATE DR. GEORGE W. KENNION.

Viscount Farquhar, who was 78 on May 19, was Master of the Household to King Edward, and has been Lord Steward since 1915.—Sir William Dawkins married on May 18, Mary, widow of Hubert Congreve. He was Professor of Geology at Manchester University for 36 years.—Sir Comer Petheram was Chief Justice of Bengal for 10 years (from 1886) and for some time Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University.—Mr. W. J. Twaddell, a Unionist M.P. for West Belfast in the Ulster Parliament, was shot dead by assassins in Garfield Street, Belfast, on May 22.—Mr. Edward Chesterton was the father of Mr. G. K. Chesterton (the well-known author and contributor of "Our Note-Book" in this paper for many years) and of the late Mr. Cecil Chesterton. Mr. Edward Chesterton was himself a man of great literary and artistic taste. He retired

from the well-known firm of estate agents some twenty years ago.—Mr. Mark Lemon Romer, the new Judge, is a son of the late Lord Justice Romer.—Sir George Grahame's promotion in the Royal Victorian Order was one of the honours conferred after their Majesties' recent visit to Belgium.—Mr. E. C. Grenfell (Con.) polled 10,114 votes in the City bye-election against 6178 for Sir T. Vansittart Bowater (Ind. Con.).—Mr. Frank H. Rose, M.P. (Lab.) for North Aberdeen, is also an author and dramatist. His latest play, "Trouble in the House," has just been successfully produced at Carlisle.—Vice-Admiral Sir Osmond Brock recently took over the command of the Mediterranean Squadron.—Dr. Kennion was formerly Bishop of Adelaide before he was translated (in 1894) to the see of Bath and Wells, which he resigned last year.

BELFAST ARSON; RHODES'S COTTAGE; A ZOO "BABY"; THE FIELD OF HONOUR; BATS IN CHURCH; WIMBLEDON COURTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, JOHNSON (MERIDEN), G.P.A.,

TEAR (IPSWICH), PHOTOPRESS, AND CENTRAL AEROPHOTO CO., LTD.



ANTI-PROTESTANT INCENDIARISM IN BELFAST: THE HEAD OFFICES OF MESSRS. DORAN AND CO., SPIRIT MERCHANTS, AT DONEGALL QUAY, ON FIRE.

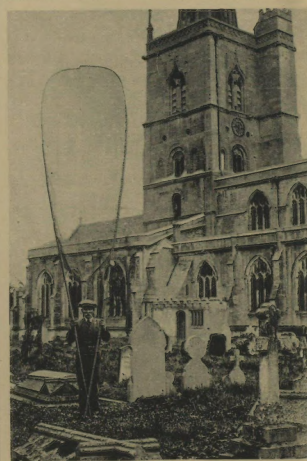
BELFAST has lately been the scene of renewed murders and outrages. On May 19 incendiaries set fire to six large business establishments owned by Protestants. The fires broke out within a short time of each other, apparently by a concerted plan. The biggest one was that shown in our photograph, at the Head Office of Messrs. Doran and Co., spirit merchants, at Donegall Quay. Three members of the staff were held up by armed men when the outrage was committed. Similar methods were employed at the other premises attacked. The adjoining photograph shows the first annual commemorative service held at the National Cyclists' War Memorial at Meriden, in Warwickshire. It was unveiled on May 21 last year by Lord Birkenhead, the ceremony being attended by cyclist clubs from all parts of the country.



WHERE IPSWICH MEN WHO DIED FROM THE EFFECTS OF WAR ARE BURIED: THE FIELD OF HONOUR, LAID OUT IN ITALIAN STYLE, A TRIBUTE FROM IPSWICH WOMEN.



AT THE NATIONAL CYCLISTS' MEMORIAL AT MERIDEN: THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION.



THE BAT AS DISTURBER OF DEVOTIONS: THE VENER AT BURFORD, WITH "CLAP-NETS" FOR USE IN CHURCH.

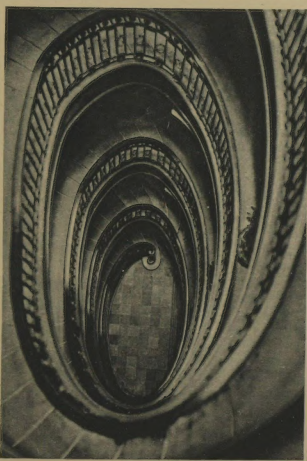


DAMAGED BY A BUSH FIRE: THE COTTAGE WHERE CECIL RHODES DIED, AT MUIZENBURG, FALSE BAY, SOUTH AFRICA.

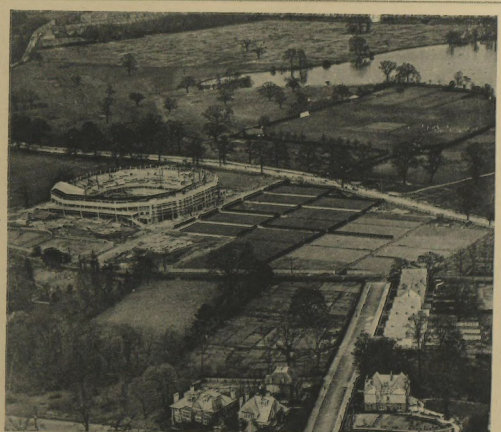


WITH THE BABY ORANG-UTAN PRESENTED TO THE "ZOO" BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: MR. DIXON, WHO WENT TO SINGAPORE TO BRING HOME THE ROYAL GIFTS OF MALAY ANIMALS.

"RHODES' COTTAGE," writes a South African correspondent (with reference to the third photograph here), "has been badly burnt. It is at Muizenburg, on the shores of False Bay, South Africa, and here Cecil Rhodes died (on March 26, 1902). The window seen in the broken wall on the left was specially cut so that Rhodes could see the great mountains on the other side of the Bay as he lay in bed. Early in April last, after two days' hot north-west wind, during which the bush on the top of Muizenburg Hill was smouldering, flames suddenly poured over the crest and down the hill like a cascade. For some time many of the houses were in danger, and a number were scorched. Two with thatched roofs were set alight by the flying sparks and practically destroyed."



DEPTH IN THE "BERENGARIA": A SPIRAL STAIRCASE FROM THE CAPTAIN'S DECK TO FIVE DECKS BELOW.



WHERE THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS WILL IN FUTURE BE PLAYED: THE NEW COVERED COURT (LEFT) AT WIMBLEDON NEARING COMPLETION—A VIEW FROM THE AIR.

The baby Orang-utan shown in the fourth photograph is one of the Malay animals presented by the Government of the Federated Malay States to the Prince of Wales and by him to the "Zoo." They include 56 mammals, 125 birds, and 19 reptiles. The arrival of a large python at the "Zoo" is illustrated on our front page. Mr. Dixon, the head keeper of Small Mammals, who is seen in the photograph, was sent out to Singapore to look after the animals, and brought them home in the S.S. "Titan," which reached London on May 22.—Regarding the "Field of Honour" in Ipswich, a correspondent writes: "Only men who died from the war are buried there. The idea originated in one woman's mind, and the women of Ipswich are largely responsible for the realisation. The design is Italian and very beautiful. In the small cloister all the names of those buried are inscribed, and on each cross are the initials and number of the man who lies beneath the greensward. To the left of the cloister is seen a block. It is of stone of the Glacial Period, worn smooth, and on it are

the names of the soldiers stationed in Ipswich who gave their services to clear the 'Field' originally. The plot is surrounded by a yew hedge, with openings at intervals, marked by Irish yews, each of which is a memorial tree. Unfortunately, the Committee have fallen upon lean times, and money has not come in as freely as it was hoped it would. Perhaps some friend of those who lie in this beautiful Field of Honour would like to contribute. Particulars can be obtained from Mrs. Marie Turner, Temps, Woodbridge. The 'Field' is within the cemetery. On saints' days and special festivals flowers are placed on every grave.—At Burford, Oxfordshire, bats have disturbed the church services, and the vergers have been provided with a pair of "clap-nets" such as country boys use for catching sparrows.—The enormous size of the Cunarder "Berengaria" (ex-German "Imperator") is indicated by the seventh photograph. The great public rooms of the "Berengaria" were illustrated in our issue of May 13 last, and in that of May 6 one of the ship's huge air-shafts.

OFF USHANT, SCENE OF MANY WRECKS: THE DISASTER TO THE "EGYPT."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, L.B., TOPICAL, AND LAFAYETTE.



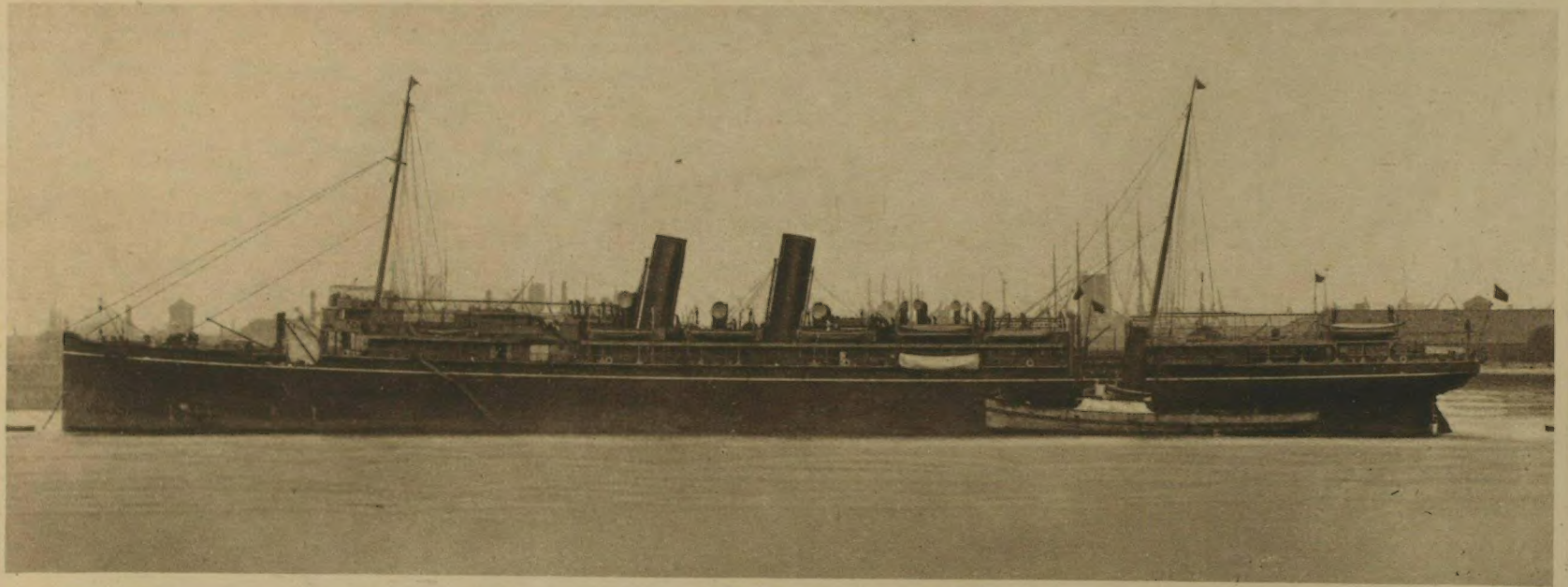
A HERO OF THE "EGYPT'S" WIRELESS ROOM: MR. A. W. HARDWICK, WHO WAS DROWNED



REPORTED MISSING: MR. ARTHUR CURTIS, A WIRELESS OPERATOR ON BOARD THE "EGYPT."



REPORTED SAVED: MR. DORRINGTON GRAVES, SENIOR WIRELESS OPERATOR IN THE "EGYPT."



IN COLLISION WITH THE FRENCH CARGO-BOAT "SEINE" IN A THICK FOG OFF USHANT, ON THE EVENING OF MAY 20: THE P. AND O. LINER "EGYPT," WHICH SANK WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES OF THE ACCIDENT, WITH A LOSS OF NEARLY A HUNDRED LIVES.



RESCUED: CAPTAIN ANDREW COLLYER, IN COMMAND OF THE "EGYPT."



ANXIETY ASHORE: FRIENDS OF PASSENGERS EXAMINING THE LIST OF SURVIVORS OUTSIDE THE P. AND O. OFFICES IN LEADENHALL STREET.



A PASSENGER DROWNED: THE LATE CAPTAIN P. W. KEATING, ROYAL ULSTER RIFLES.

Fog is the worst enemy of the traveller, by sea or land or air, as was proved once again by the disaster to the P. and O. liner "Egypt." She left London bound for Bombay on May 19, and at 7 p.m. on May 20 she was in collision with the French cargo-boat "Seine," on its way to Havre, in a heavy fog near Ushant, the scene of so many shipwrecks. The "Egypt" quickly heeled over to port, and sank in about twenty minutes. In spite of the efforts of the officers and crews, both of the "Egypt" and the "Seine," nearly a hundred lives were lost.

The "Egypt" had on board 44 passengers and a crew of 291, and of these 29 passengers and 210 of the crew (including the captain) were picked up and taken on board the "Seine." Among the bodies recovered and taken to Brest were those of Captain Keating, of the Royal Ulster Rifles, and the heroic wireless operator, Mr. A. W. Hardwick, who rushed to the wireless cabin and, sending his assistant to work on deck, stuck to his post to the last. On May 23 it was reported, but not confirmed, that Mr. Dorrington Graves had been saved.

A KING'S DAUGHTER TO MARRY A KING: THE BALKAN ROYAL BRIDE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. A. M. MARTINEAU.



TO MARRY KING ALEXANDER OF THE SERBS, CROATS, AND SLOVENES AT BELGRADE NEXT MONTH: PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA, WITH HER MOTHER, THE QUEEN (IN NATIONAL COSTUME), AND PET BORZOIS.



A BRIDE TO WHOSE ROYAL "GROOM" THE DUKE OF YORK IS TO BE BEST MAN: PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA, WITH HER FATHER, KING FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA, AT THE CASTLE OF SINAIA.

Particular interest will be taken in this country in the royal wedding at Belgrade next month, owing to the fact that the Duke of York is to be best man to King Alexander of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, whose bride is Princess Marie, second daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania. According to present arrangements, the bride, with the Roumanian Royal Family, is to leave Bucharest for Belgrade on May 29, and at Orsova she will embark in the royal yacht, among whose escort will be the British gunboat H.M.S. "Glowworm." The

Duke of York is expected to arrive in Belgrade on May 30, escorted by Colonel Ostojitch, the Yugo-Slav Military Attaché in London. Among the ceremonies before the wedding will be the presentation to the bride of branches of rosemary by a deputation of girls. The wedding, performed by the Serbian Patriarch, will take place in Belgrade Cathedral, and the honeymoon will be spent at the Castle of Bled, in Slovenia. It was stated that the wedding might be postponed from June 1 to June 8, owing to the illness of the bride's sister, the Duchess of Sparta.

DERBY PROSPECTS: HORSES FANCIED; AND SOME WELL-KNOWN OWNERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, SPORT AND GENERAL, BASSANO, RUSSELL, AND ROUGH.



OWNER OF CAPTAIN CUTTLE: LORD WOOLAVINGTON



OWNER OF TAMAR: VIS-COUNT ASTOR.



OWNER OF RE-ECHO: SIR ERNEST PAGET.



OWNER OF BUCKS HUSSAR: SIR ABE BAILEY.



THE FIRST FAVOURITE FOR THE DERBY (AT THE TIME OF WRITING): MR. SOL JOEL'S PONDOLAND.



OWNER OF PONDOLAND: MR. S. B. JOEL.



BEATEN IN THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS BOTH BY PONDOLAND AND ST. LOUIS: LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S CAPTAIN CUTTLE.



A CANDIDATE FOR THE DERBY: SIR ABE BAILEY'S BUCKS HUSSAR, UNEXPECTEDLY BEATEN IN THE SLEDMERE STAKES AT YORK.



OWNER OF ST. LOUIS: LORD QUEENBOROUGH.



UNSUCCESSFUL IN THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS AND CRAVEN STAKES: VIS-COUNT ASTOR'S TAMAR.



OWNER OF LORD OF BURGHLEY: MR. GEORGE BARCLAY.



WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS, AND SECOND FAVOURITE FOR THE DERBY: ST. LOUIS.

THIRD IN THE BETTING AT THE TIME OF WRITING: SIR ERNEST PAGET'S RE-ECHO.



OWNER OF DRY TOAST: MR. J. P. ARKWRIGHT.



OWNER OF ARCHITECT: THE EARL OF DURHAM.



OWNER OF DRAKE'S DRUM: LORD GLANELY.

Intense interest is being taken in the prospects for this year's Derby, which is to be run at Epsom on May 31, especially as there are several horses who are considered to have fairly equal chances, and no single candidate stands out far above the rest in popularity. In giving these photographs some time before the event, we must emphasise the fact that the situation may quite possibly have changed by the time this number appears: the odds may have altered, and horses

now expected to run may have been scratched. At the moment the first favourite is Mr. Sol Joel's Pondoland, with Lord Queenborough's St. Louis and Sir Ernest Paget's Re-Echo as near rivals. The London betting which produced this order was as follows: (against in each case) Pondoland (3 to 1); St. Louis (4 to 1); and Re-Echo (13 to 2). Other horses in the betting, besides those above-mentioned, included North End, Craigangower, Diligence, and Simon Pure.

DUCK-NETTING À LA "LACROSSE": THE PRINCE OF WALES IN JAPAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



CATCHING WILD DUCK IN FLIGHT WITH A NET AS THEY RISE FROM A MINIATURE CANAL: THE PRINCE OF WALES (ON THE LEFT) TRIES HIS PRENTICE HAND AT AN AMUSING FORM OF JAPANESE SPORT, ONLY PRACTISED BY THE NOBILITY.



WITH TENNIS BALLS IN PLACE OF DUCKS, FOR PURPOSES OF PRACTICE: THE PRINCE OF WALES (CENTRE) CATCHING A HIGH "FLIGHT."



A HAWK AS "RETRIEVER": THE PRINCE OF WALES INTERESTED IN A FALCON USED TO RETRIEVE ANY DUCK ESCAPING THE NETS.

During his visit to Japan the Prince of Wales was initiated into an amusing form of sport said to be practised only by the nobility. It consists of catching wild duck as they rise from a small canal with nets somewhat resembling a large butterfly net. The duck hunt attended by the Prince, who was accompanied by the Crown Prince Regent of Japan, took place on April 17, in the grounds of the Hama Palace at Tokio. The ducks were enticed into a small canal by means of decoys, and the sportsmen, who stood four on each side of the canal, endeavoured

to net the birds as they rose in flight from the water. As the upper photograph shows, considerable activity is required. Any birds that escape are retrieved by falcons specially trained for the purpose. Before engaging in the actual sport, novices are provided with a practice outfit in which tennis-balls take the place of ducks, and the Prince also tried his hand at this as a preliminary. The method of practice suggests a comparison with the game of Lacrosse, in which the ball is caught and thrown by a net-like implement called a crosse.

Relics of a Room-to-Room Death Struggle 2500 Years Ago: A Discovery at Carchemish.

By C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, in Charge of the British Museum
Excavations at Carchemish in 1914 and since 1920.

EGYPTIAN INFLUENCE AT CARCHEMISH:
A BRONZE RING OF PSAMMETICUS I.

THE prophet Jeremiah, in his forty-sixth chapter, speaks of "the army of Pharaoh-Necho, king of Egypt, which was by the river Euphrates in Carchemish, which Nebuchadrezzar, king of Babylon, smote in the fourth year of Jehoiakim king of Judah." The battle took place in the year 604 B.C., and thereafter Carchemish, which had figured freely in Assyrian records, is no more heard of, and the last surviving Hittite State comes to an end.

This date has been of the greatest service to us in the British Museum's excavations at Jerablus, since, in dealing with a country whose history is virtually unknown, and whose inscriptions cannot yet be deciphered, it is no small thing to have at least one point definitely fixed from which we can reckon back. And in the ruins there is no mistaking Nebuchadrezzar's handiwork: everywhere a layer of ashes mixed with lumps and splinters of sculpture wantonly destroyed, covered by a thick deposit of decomposed mud brick, leaf-mould and wind-blown dust, above which all remains are of Greek or Roman date, marks only too clearly the city's overthrow, and the long succeeding period during which its site lay desolate.

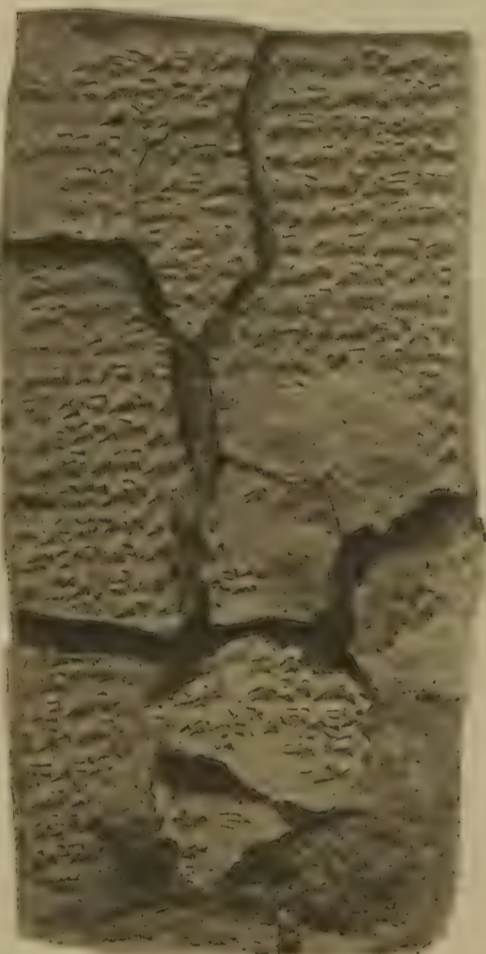
In the spring of 1920, the last occasion on which the troubled politics of the Near East allowed of anything so peaceful as archaeology north of Aleppo, our attention was drawn to some fine limestone blocks projecting from the side of the cutting through which the Baghdad Railway runs—or did run—to the great bridge across the Euphrates; and, as there were no officials to say us nay, we started to work from the cutting along a wall of ashlar topped with mud brick, which proved to be the side wall of an important building.

It was a large private house of the villa type, curiously modern in its plan. Before the front door, which faced on a cobbled street or court, was a small porch approached by three broad basalt steps, and surrounded by a low parapet wall; probably it once had a roof supported on wooden posts. Inside was a roomy hall with a staircase on the right, and under the return of the stairs a long narrow passage with a little chamber opening off it, like a cloak-room and lavatory in a suburban house to-day; on the left of the hall was a very large room with a row of wooden columns down the centre, and at the end of it smaller, but none the less good-sized, rooms extended as far as the railway cutting which had destroyed the back of the house.

At no great depth under the surface we encountered a thick stratum of burnt ashes. There was no trace of any later construction, and the site, which was the most commanding in the Outer Town—"this most eligible building site"—would hardly have been left unoccupied while Carchemish was still a city; so without more ado we assumed that the fire which destroyed the house was that in which the whole place perished in 604 B.C. Very soon this received startling confirmation. Outside the walls were found a few bronze arrow-heads; on the porch there were a number of these; and as the work progressed, on the floor of the rooms, under the ashes, arrow-heads, bronze and iron, turned up literally in hundreds, and with them lance-points and broken sword-blades and men's bones, and all the signs of a fierce struggle. Always the weapons lay thickest in front of the room doors, and there the arrow-heads were often bent or broken, as if from striking against the bronze casing of the door timbers; and it needed but little imagination to follow the fight as the defenders were driven back from room to room until they were overwhelmed at the last.

The discovery in the front rooms of a number of stone

weights of various sizes gave rise to the scurrilous suggestion that the house, as being the best, had naturally been commandeered by Necho's army service corps. That the ordnance really had something to do with it might be argued from the fact that in one of the outbuildings we found the parts of a bronze mould for casting



WITNESS TO ASSYRIAN SUZERAINTY OVER CARCHEMISH, THE HITTITE CAPITAL: A CUNEIFORM TABLET FOUND ON THE SITE OF A NEIGHBOURING VILLA, SACKED IN 604 B.C.

This clay tablet inscribed in cuneiform characters contains an Assyrian grant farming out the collection of woods for tanning and dyeing. Later, Carchemish was allied with Egypt, and Pharaoh Necho was defeated there in 604 B.C. by Nebuchadrezzar, King of Babylon, who with the Medes had captured Nineveh, the Assyrian capital. He utterly destroyed Carchemish.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.



THE SCENE OF A FIERCE ROOM-TO-ROOM FIGHT WHEN CARCHEMISH WAS SACKED BY THE BABYLONIANS IN 604 B.C.: THE NEIGHBOURING VILLA RECENTLY EXCAVATED—THE PORCH AND FRONT DOOR.

The villa is curiously modern in design. The soil contained hundreds of spear and arrow-heads, broken blades, and human bones, signs of a fierce struggle. In the background of the photograph is the long mound of the wall of the inner city, with a French gun-emplacement cut into the crest. At the time of these excavations Carchemish (modern Jerablus) was being blockaded by the Kemalists.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

FOUND IN A RUINED HOUSE AT CARCHEMISH:
THE PSAMMETICUS RING—ANOTHER VIEW.

just such arrow-heads as were strewn broadcast about the floors. The mould was made in three sections, each with a long handle, which must have been held together by a ring while the molten metal was poured in from the top. But other finds were more interesting than these. On the stone threshold of one room lay a clay tablet inscribed in Assyrian cuneiform; it was, unfortunately, too much damaged by fire to be wholly legible, but contains a grant farming out the collection of woods for tanning and dyeing. Elsewhere we found fragments of faience and alabaster vessels inscribed in Egyptian hieroglyphs, bronze figures of Isis and Osiris from Egypt, and one Osiris figure, whose style showed it to be a local Hittite imitation of an Egyptian original. Then from amongst the ashes a workman produced a bronze ring bearing the cartouche of Psammeticus I., Necho's father, who had delivered Egypt from the Assyrian yoke, and next in quick succession came out four little lumps of fire-hardened clay showing on one side the imprint of the papyrus to which they had been affixed as seals, and on the other the name of Pharaoh Necho himself.

We had before us the whole history of those last days. While the tablet is a record of the often-challenged suzerainty which, from the time of Sargon's conquest in 718 B.C., Assyrian kings had claimed over Carchemish, the bronzes and other objects witness to the steady growth of Egyptian influence, culminating in the treasonable correspondence with Pharaoh's foreign office, of which we have evidence in the clay sealings; then we have Necho's northward march to join his allies when the downfall of Nineveh in 605 B.C. gave the signal for open revolt; Nebuchadrezzar's prompt advance to recover for Babylon what Assyria had lost; the battle on the Euphrates bank, followed by house-to-house fighting inside the walls of Carchemish, and the final destruction of the Hittite capital.

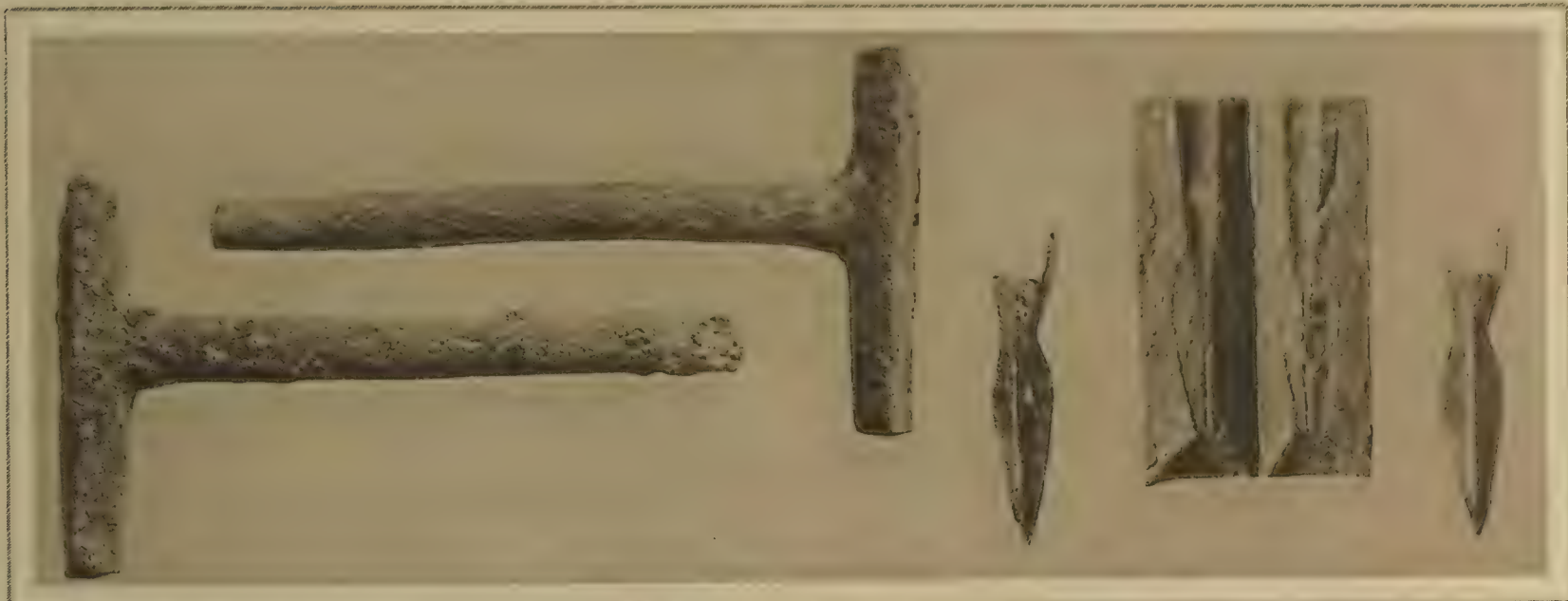
But there was one object that still called for explanation. In the very edge of the railway cutting we found the remains of a warrior's shield of thin bronze decorated in *repoussée* work, with a Gorgon's head in the centre, and about it concentric rows of running animals, horses and deer, dogs and lions; this was not Hittite, neither Babylonian nor Egyptian, but manifestly Ionian work from one of the Greek colonies on the west coast of Asia Minor; and how did that come to Carchemish in the year 604 B.C.? Then one remembered that Herodotos, describing the temple of Apollo at Branchidæ, near Ephesus, mentions certain spoils from Gaza dedicated by Pharaoh

Necho in this far-off shrine in honour of the Ionian mercenaries serving in his ranks. Egypt's war of conquest had not been the affair of a single season; all Syria had to be won before Necho could join hands with the Hittites, and it was four years before the battle of Carchemish that "the king of Egypt went up against the king of Assyria to the river Euphrates; and king Josiah went against him; and he slew him (Josiah) at Megiddo" (II. Kings, xxiii, 28), and Gaza fell before Jerusalem; but the capture of Gaza and the battle in the far north were part of one and the same campaign, and it was one of the Greek soldiers of fortune commemorated at Branchidæ who left his shield on the bank of the Euphrates.

The British Museum's work at Jerablus has led to discoveries of much greater historical value, but perhaps to none more dramatic than this, which brings together two writers so far removed from one another as the Jewish prophet and the Greek "Father of History," in one burnt and ruined house at Carchemish, a city which to Jeremiah was but a name, and for Herodotos not even a memory.

"NECHO . . . CAME UP AGAINST CARCHEMISH": 604 B.C. BATTLE RELICS.

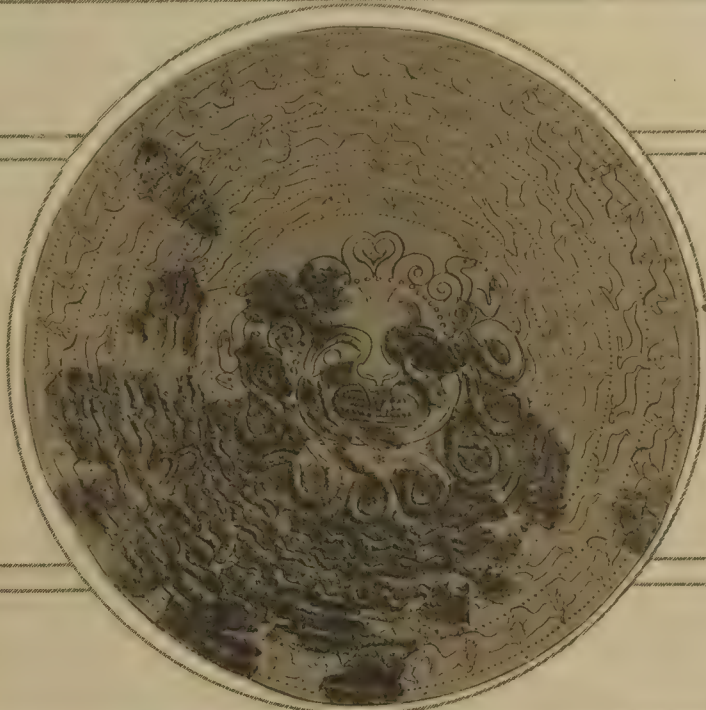
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE KIND PERMISSION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



MADE IN THREE SECTIONS, EACH WITH A LONG HANDLE HELD TOGETHER BY A RING WHILE THE MOLTEN METAL WAS POURED IN: A BRONZE MOULD FOR CASTING ARROW-HEADS (SIDE AND END VIEW) WITH ONE OF THE ARROW-HEADS. FOUND IN A RUINED VILLA NEAR CARCHEMISH.



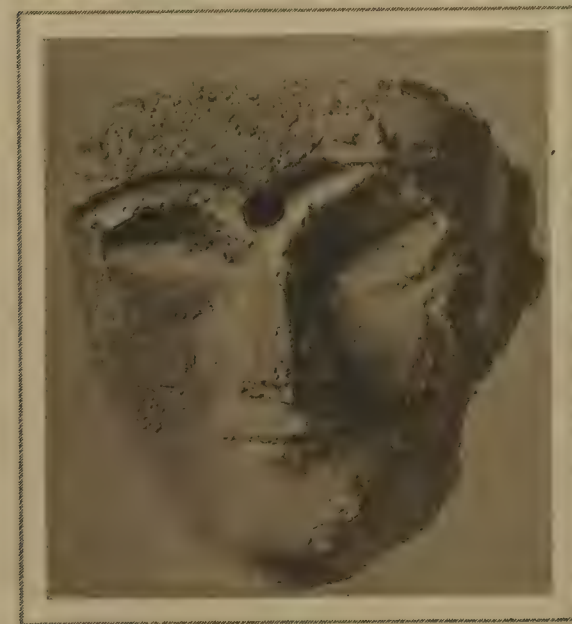
EGYPTIAN RELIGION AT CARCHEMISH: A BRONZE HORUS, FROM EGYPT.



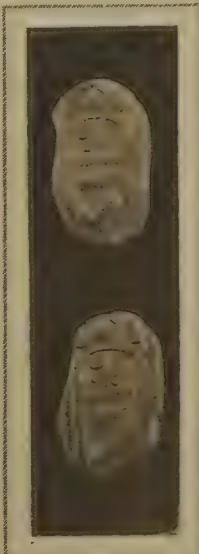
DROPPED BY ONE OF PHARAOH NECHO'S GREEK MERCENARIES AT CARCHEMISH: AN IONIAN SHIELD BEARING THE GORGON'S HEAD—A LINK BETWEEN HERODOTUS AND JEREMIAH.



EGYPTIAN INFLUENCE ON HITTITE ART: FIGURES OF OSIRIS—(LEFT) FROM EGYPT; (RIGHT) A HITTITE COPY FOUND AT CARCHEMISH.



DAMAGED BY FIRE: A WHITE STEATITE HEAD, WHOSE EYES WERE INLAID IN EGYPTIAN STYLE.



IMPRESSED WITH THE SIGNET OF PHARAOH NECHO: CLAY SEALINGS.



"THICKEST IN FRONT OF THE ROOM DOORS": SPEAR AND ARROW HEADS FROM THE CARCHEMISH VILLA SACKED BY BABYLONIANS 604 B.C.

Seldom does the spade of the excavator reveal such a dramatic story as that told by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley in his article opposite, describing the discovery of the ruins of an ancient villa near Carchemish (modern Jerablus), once the Hittite capital. Hundreds of spear and arrow-heads, broken sword-blades, and human bones, found on the site of the villa, bear witness to a fierce room-to-room conflict before it was captured and burnt by the Babylonians in 604 B.C. The objects of art unearthed afford evidence both of the Assyrian suzerainty and the growing Egyptian influence, while an Ionian shield recalls the fact that Greek mercenaries served in the Egyptian Army, as mentioned by Herodotus.

The battle of Carchemish is the subject of the forty-sixth chapter of Jeremiah, who was a strong anti-Egyptian. Josiah, King of Judah, attacked Pharaoh Necho, King of Egypt, on his way to Carchemish, and was slain at Megiddo, as recorded in the Second Book of Kings xxiii, 29, and the Second Book of Chronicles xxxv, 20. Mr. Woolley was in charge of the British Museum excavations at Carchemish up to 1914, and resumed in 1920, as described (with illustrations) in our issues of January 24, 1914, and July 31, 1920. Our number for May 6 last contained his illustrated article on new discoveries at Tell el-Amarna in Egypt.

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

IN olden days the *Era*, the well-known stage weekly, was called "The Actors' Bible." I wonder what the Profession will invent to immortalise Pitman's publication of Mr. John Parker's "Who's Who In the Theatre"? Personally, I plump for "The Actors' Confessional"—for here is the status, the story, the record, and the reminiscences of thousands of workers who have deserved

there would be no more pauses than on the first night. Had one or two experts, familiar with Chambers's work, been taken into the managerial confidence, they, fresh as paint in their judgment, would have averted the disaster—for such it was from a business point of view—which befell the play after two acts promising a real hit.

They would have scythed away twenty minutes' palaver and an illogical ending; for, after the daughter of the gambler had reclaimed her father, there was no need for a tragic issue in suicide; least of all was it necessary to bring in the lover once more. True, our public is not very imaginative, and prefers to have happy endings neatly laid out and finished off, but it is not so dense as not to understand that even in plays some events may fitly be left to explain themselves after the play is over. I shall never forget what I felt when I thought that the curtain should have come down and it would not budge! It was as if one had been plunged from an oasis into the desert. At first we were stricken dumb in blank astonishment, with *Cui bono?* on our mind; then we began to sigh; then some wriggled, and anxious glances travelled from eye to eye; by the time the curtain really dropped, enthusiasm was greatly damped, and such as remained was a tribute to the actors instead of to the play. "The pity of it," we said, for we knew that there was no remedy; tinkering after the event is fruitless labour. Then we knew that a property had run to waste, because purblindness overlooked a cardinal flaw; and so, no selling of rights, no run, loss of money, loss of heart. Is it not a sad indication that we should reform our methods and apply to the theatre the same minuteness of foresight, forethought, and calculation which is the alpha and omega of art as well as of industry?

There is an oasis in the World of the Theatre which I would heartily commend to my readers. It is the Theatre Girls' Club, 59, Greek Street, Soho, of which Miss Virginia Compton is the good fairy. Hers is a hard struggle to make the two ends meet, and thus, in her own feeling words, does she describe it and appeal to our munificence—

"Another year to give an account of. Another year of work and difficulty. Another year of begging and receiving. Another year to be thank-

ful for, inasmuch as we have been able to get through without encroaching on our reserve fund, and also we have been able to go on in our accustomed way, helping the sick and friendless, helping girls out of work, by keeping them here until they could at last find some work to do. We never make gifts of money, but we give to those who are without, their lodging and their food—we give



MACHEATH IN PRIVATE LIFE: MR. FREDERICK RANALOW.

"The Beggar's Opera" will celebrate its second anniversary on June 5. Mr. Frederick Ranalow has sung the part of Macheath during the whole period, and his creation of the rôle is quite marvellous in every respect.

Photograph by Sydney Loeb.

well of the nation. It is an admirable book, one of those I love to take off my shelves and to flit through with butterfly-wings. It tells tales of achievement; it recalls the tides of many careers; it saves from oblivion a multitude who in their day adorned the boards and have since, in well-earned rest, planted the cabbage of contentment. There is also a humorous side to the book for people with memories. Although John Parker's standard work is now nearly ten years old, some of the ladies biographed in it have forgotten their birth-year and simply advanced it with every new issue. It is the panacea of eternal youth.

Valuable genealogical tables by Dr. Bulloch, plans of theatres, a short survey of Continental actors and actresses (which might be enlarged) add to the value of the book, which should find a favourite corner in the library of all who are devotees of the theatre and its splendid army.

The regrettable and premature end of Haddon Chambers's charming comedy at the Savoy, in which Pepita Bobadilla revealed herself as a *comédienne* with all the grace and address we are wont to associate with the Boulevard, gives one to think furiously. It is this. Usually our dress rehearsals are in private or witnessed by friends of the management who see the sun in the cloudiest of skies. No independent judge is called to be present; the actors, and often the producer, are "stale" through overwork; things are not ready; carpenters waste much of the time which should be devoted to a coherent performance. When finally, often in the witching hours, all is over, no one can foretell what will happen on the night, and if they could there would be no time for remedy. Result: apprehension, and often, on the first night, discovery of flaws which may prove a fatal bar to success. That should be altered. First of all, the scenery should be ready, the "props" shipshape, a long time before the *première*—that is the way of the well-ordered Continental theatre. Next, there should be at least two complete dress rehearsals: one in the presence of a few candid friends who know the game and the ropes; and a second at which



A GREAT FRENCH PIANIST: M. ALFRED CORTOT. M. Cortot appeared at the Queen's Hall on Thursday last at M. Koussevitzky's second concert. He played Beethoven's No. 1 Concerto in C major and "Nights in the Garden of Spain," by De Falla.—[Photograph by Sydney Loeb.]

them great chances to find work, for a true spirit of good fellowship exists in this Club, and all members try to help one another with 'jobs' or 'shops'—we give them sympathy, advice and friendship, great helps surely to lonely young women stranded in London."

Now I, who frequent police-courts and there study life in all its aspects, can speak "by the card." This work of Miss Compton's is one of the finest and most necessary in London. But for this club and its home comforts at very moderate prices, many a girl, stranded, out of work, lonesome, impecunious, would seek the Easiest Way and sink into the abyss. As it is, the cases are frequent and alarming. But here, in the heart of theatreland, is a harbour where reign peace and goodwill, and to care for its maintenance should be a labour of love for all who have a tender spot for the humbler workers of a great Profession.

A little trip to Paris and what happened there. I wrote to the great French actor Firmin Gémier, the State Director of the Odéon: "Will you see me for five minutes on an errand of *entente cordiale*?" "Come along," he 'phoned. An hour later I was at the Odéon, had bearded my lion, and came away with an agreement that next autumn the Second Theatre of France will pay us a visit with the leaders of its company and the pick of its dramatic basket. That is not all (Fate is wondrous kind at times). Gémier is also the Director of the Third Théâtre Français—the Théâtre Populaire, which on Sundays at the Trocadéro gives the world's best plays, from Molière to Ibsen, for sevenpence-halfpenny per stall. I want it, too, to come over, and as we discussed the possibilities, he suddenly said: "*Et l'Old Vic—votre théâtre populaire?*" I told him the woeful tale of the miserable response to the £30,000—of the 3s. 6d. subscriptions of the *Observer*—very meritorious—of the King of Siam; and then he called a secretary, dictated a charming letter addressed to me for Miss Baylis, and sent for a thousand francs. "Not much," he said, "but *c'est toujours ça*." At that moment I felt that indeed sometimes "Life's a Game"; and a happy one at that. And I shook hands with a man who is not only a great actor, but a generous soul.



A CELEBRATED RUSSIAN COMPOSER: M. RACHMANINOFF, OF "THE PRELUDE.

M. Rachmaninoff gave two concerts at the Queen's Hall recently; at which he played his own works and those of other composers.

Photograph by Farrington Photo Co.

WHERE THE KING'S HORSES ARE TRAINED: ROYAL RACING STABLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL



AT EGERTON HOUSE STABLES, NEWMARKET, WHERE THE KING'S RACE-HORSES ARE TRAINED: THE LADS' QUARTERS.



THE HOME OF THE KING'S TRAINER, MR. RICHARD MARSH: THE ROSE GARDEN AT EGERTON HOUSE, NEWMARKET.



WHERE TRIALS OF THE ROYAL RACE-HORSES TAKE PLACE IN SECLUSION: THE PRIVATE SEVEN-FURLONG GALLOP NEAR EGERTON HOUSE STABLES, MR. RICHARD MARSH'S TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AT NEWMARKET.



POSSIBLY BUDDING WINNERS OF BIG RACES FOR HIS MAJESTY: TWELVE-DAY-OLD FOALS GOING OUT TO GRASS AT EGERTON HOUSE STABLES.



NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION: A FOAL, FINDING HIS LONG LEGS CUMBERSOME, DISCOVERS A NEW METHOD OF GRAZING.

Just before reaching Newmarket Heath by the Cambridge Road one sees on the left a handsome and commodious building with fine ranges of stabling. This is Egerton House, the training establishment of Richard Marsh, who now has the honour of looking after the King's racehorses, and was formerly known to fame as one of the finest of our cross-country horsemen. In earlier days Marsh trained for the late Duke of Hamilton at "Lordship," now occupied by the veteran Joseph Cannon, who was one of Marsh's leading rivals in the pigskin. The late King Edward's horses were at one time under the care of Porter at Kingsclere, but it was not until they were transferred to Marsh that any great

triumphs were gained, although the foundations of the future of the Royal Stud were doubtless laid at Kingsclere, for Porter advised the purchase of Perdita II., destined to produce for the then Prince of Wales a series of great winners, of which the three own brothers, Florizel II., Persimmon, and Diamond Jubilee, earned lasting fame on the Turf, and later as sires of many winners. The greatest of these was beyond doubt Persimmon, best of all St. Simon's sons, who won for the Prince his first Derby in 1896, where the royal colours were saluted first past the post by such cheering as has seldom, if ever, been heard on an English racecourse. He also won the St. Leger and (in 1897) the Ascot Gold Cup.

STABLES THAT MAY YIELD KING GEORGE A DERBY WINNER: THE HOME OF PERSIMMON AND DIAMOND JUBILEE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

SPORT AND GENERAL.



PROVISION FOR RELIGIOUS WORSHIP AT THE ROYAL TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT: THE PRIVATE CHAPEL ON THE EGERTON STUD FARM.



WHERE MR. RICHARD MARSH TRAINED MANY FAMOUS HORSES SOME OF THE BOXES AT



FOR KING EDWARD, AND NOW TRAINS FOR KING GEORGE: EGERTON HOUSE STUD FARM.



THE HOME OF MR. RICHARD MARSH, THE FAMOUS TRAINER, WHO HAS HAD CHARGE OF THE HORSES OF TWO ROYAL OWNERS: EGERTON HOUSE, NEWMARKET.



USED FOR DRYING WET SHEETS AND SO ON AFTER HORSES HAVE BEEN OUT AT EXERCISE: THE STEAM-PIPE TURKISH BATH AT EGERTON HOUSE STABLES.



AT THE FAMOUS STUD FARM WHICH, IT IS HOPED, WILL MARES AND FOALS IN THE PADDOCK AT



ONE DAY PRODUCE A DERBY WINNER FOR THE KING: EGERTON HOUSE STABLES, NEWMARKET.



SHOWING KING EDWARD'S 106 WINNERS (FROM 1893 TO 1910) THAT BROUGHT HIM £134,887, AND (ON RIGHT) KING GEORGE'S WINNERS: THE ROYAL WINNERS' PLATE LISTS.



WITH ALTERNATIVE UPPER DOOR-HATCHES OF OPEN WIRES OR WOOD: HORSE-BOXES AT EGERTON STUD FARM WITH A PERFECT SYSTEM OF VENTILATION.



PLANTED BY KING EDWARD WHEN HE WAS PRINCE OF WALES: A HISTORIC TREE AT EGERTON HOUSE STABLES.



WHERE PHYSIC FOR THE KING'S HORSES IS KEPT: THE MEDICINE CUPBOARD AT EGERTON HOUSE STABLES.



MAKING THE RACING PLATES AT EGERTON HOUSE STABLES: AT WORK IN THE SMITHY SHOP, A VERY IMPORTANT DEPARTMENT OF A TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT.

As mentioned on the previous page, King Edward's Derby winners, Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, with many other famous horses, were trained for him at Egerton House Stables, Newmarket, by Mr. Richard Marsh, now trainer to King George. Persimmon won the Derby in 1896. Four years later, Egerton House sheltered another son of St. Simon and Perdita II., Diamond Jubilee, who, although not the equal of the elder brother, proved himself to be a sterling good horse, for he won the coveted triple crown of the Turf, taking the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and the St. Leger of his year. Another victory for King Edward came at Epsom after his succession to the Throne, when, in 1909, Minoru gained the Blue Riband; but the colt was not bred at Sandringham, being leased from Colonel Hall Walker, who bred him at the Tully Stud. Diamond Jubilee was sold to South America after his racing career ended, for 3000 guineas, and made as big a reputation there as did Persimmon in England, as sire of the peerless Sceptre and many other good horses.

King George has not yet won the Derby, and suffered a disappointment when in 1914 it was found that his good colt—Friar Marcus, named after Lord Marcus Beresford, Master of the Royal Stable—could not stay the course, but he had brilliant speed and won many races, carrying big weights. He now stands at the Sandringham Stud, and promises to make a fine reputation as a stallion. Recently horses from Egerton House, carrying the King's colours, have won several races, thus atoning for the persistent bad luck which followed them last year, when they constantly finished second for their races, instead of getting first past the post. Unfortunately, Weathervane, who won the Greenham Stakes at Newbury in March, and was thought to have a chance for the classic races this year, disappointed expectations in the Two Thousand Guineas, and was scratched after being entered for the Derby, but it is the fervent hope of all good sportsmen that King George will soon find himself the owner of a first-class three-year-old at Egerton House, and that he will win the Derby in his turn.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

IT is an old pastime among seekers after curious information to collect instances of a few lives that bridge long periods of time. In recent years, a leading newspaper took a hand at the game, and added many fresh examples to the old stock cases, most famous of which, perhaps, is the Countess of Desmond, who, surviving into the seventeenth century, remembered dancing with Richard III. The next most noteworthy is the three lives spanning the period between Flodden and the nineteenth century, a story with a lilting House-that-Jack-Built refrain, "the man who saw the man who saw the man who carried arrows to Northallerton for Flodden." I am myself a fifth link in that chain, for a relative of mine knew someone who had seen Peter Garden, who saw Henry Jenkins, the Flodden arrow-carrier, mentioned in Chambers' "Book of Days." The same old kinswoman also remembered a worthy whose father as a boy had been compelled on a Sunday morning to turn drumsticks for the King's troops on the way to Sheriffmuir. This little by-way of historical study is further illustrated in a recent book.

The volume in question, entitled "PAGES FROM THE PAST" (Longmans; 7s. 6d.), might very well have been called "Links with the Past," for the writer, as he remarks, "seems oddly to bridge time" in his memories and associations. He is not old, as elderly men count age, only

the most part the diaries are a record of travel uncomfortable at the best, but rendered doubly harassing by the Emperor's domineering restlessness. It is the story of a woman "chivvied." If Marie Louise could have anticipated Thomas Haynes Bailey's rhyme, "From place to place



SOLD FOR £40 AT THE MARSHALL HALL SALE: A "VERNIS MARTIN" SNUFF-BOX—THE LID, WITH A FINE ENAMEL BY PETITOT.

The illustrations on this page are reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

they hurry me," she would have endorsed the version of the essayist who, wilfully misquoting the third line of that stanza, wrote:

And when they only worry me
They think that I forget.

M. Masson considers that these papers may help us to determine whether we shall perpetuate the curse with which the French nation has branded Marie Louise, or whether, following the example of Napoleon himself, we shall look upon her with a certain indulgence as a weak vessel, fettered by obedience to tradition, carried away by temperament, and enslaved by mediocre ambitions.

The other book, a sequel to those memoirs of Princess Pauline Metternich which appeared last year, is "MY YEARS IN PARIS" (Nash; 10s. 6d.). The former volume owed much to the clear Introduction by Mr. Edward Legge: the present part of the memoir contains text alone, which has been considered sufficiently self-explanatory to dispense with any editorial note. Although it deals with notable figures and events, the record sometimes comes perilously near lapsing into a small-beer chronicle. There are, however, some illuminating passages, such as the thumb-nail sketch of the Empress Eugénie. It takes a woman

to catch a woman. The portrait is gushingly kind, so flattering indeed that one wonders whether the lady protests too much, or whether she is merely magnanimous to a superhuman degree. Thereby hangs a tale.

Princess Pauline Metternich had little cause to love the Empress, who had accused her of being in unlawful possession of a document belonging to Napoleon III. This paper related to a pact of co-operation between France and Austria, proposed in the years just previous to the war of 1870. After the exile, the document disappeared somehow from Chislehurst, where the Princess was a frequent visitor, and much heart-burning followed. Those intimately acquainted with the affair consider, therefore, that "My Years in Paris" lets the Empress down very lightly indeed. A third volume of the memoirs is in preparation.

Quite a little library of books about golf has just appeared. Arnaud Massy's "Le Golf," which first saw the light in 1911, was translated into English, under the title of "GOLF" in 1914. It has now reached a second edition (Methuen; 3s. 6d.). The great question of the swing has prompted P. Fowlie to a neat illustration in "THE SCIENCE OF GOLF, A STUDY IN MOVEMENT" (Methuen; 5s.). He compares it to the action of a boy in a swing-boat, who gives the impetus just at the moment when the downward move-

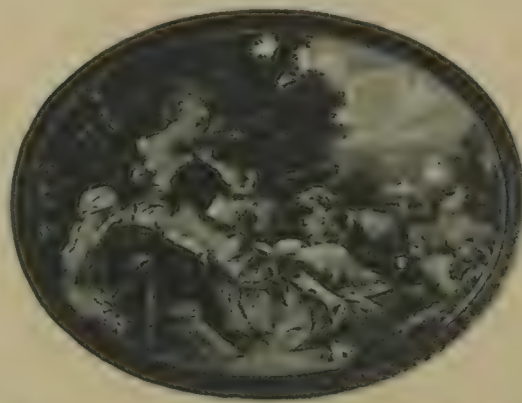


SOLD FOR £31 AT THE MARSHALL HALL SALE: A LOUIS XIV. AMBER SCINT-BOTTLE, PILGRIM-BOTTLE SHAPE (3 3-8 IN.).

sixty-three, and yet he had an intimate friend who knew well a lady who was by marriage granddaughter of James II., and great-grand-daughter of Charles I.; that is to say, the young Pretender's widow. The writer of this book of pleasant reminiscences is the Right Rev. Monsignor Count Bickerstaffe Drew, whom readers will more readily recognise by his pen-name of John Ayscough, author of "Marotz," and many other admirable novels. "Marotz," Monsignor Drew tells us, brought him a letter of "most generous and unexpected praise" from Meredith, who was specially attracted by the part of the book dealing with the Contemplative Convent. "I am," wrote Meredith, "reverently in love with Poor Sister."

"Pages from the Past" should be on the library list of everyone who enjoys discursive memoirs. John Ayscough throws fresh side-lights on the great Victorians, now a little less in disgrace than they were; and he has many good things to say also of the present neo-Georgian Age. His work, full of suggestive contrasts, makes most agreeable reading.

Two other volumes of memoirs find a link in the Napoleonic legend. One is of the First Empire, the other of the Second. The former, of which some passages have already appeared in this Journal, is that most curious document, "THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE," edited by M. Frederic Masson, of the French Academy (Murray; 10s. 6d.). The Empress, writing for herself alone, confided to these pages her intimate thoughts and views of Napoleon. For



SOLD FOR £4000: AN EXQUISITE BONBONNIÈRE OF GOLD-MOUNTED SÈVRES PORCELAIN, PAINTED BY DODIN, AFTER BOUCHER (3 7-16 IN. LONG)—(ABOVE, THE BASE; BELOW, THE SIDE).

This "magnificent bonbonnière of Sèvres porcelain, decorated with paintings of extremely high quality, unsigned, but without doubt by Dodin, after Boucher" (to quote the catalogue), was bought for £4000 in the sale of Sir Edward Marshall Hall's collection at Sotheby's on May 19. The total amount realised by the sale was £9025.



SOLD FOR £31 AT THE MARSHALL HALL SALE: A GOLD SNUFF-BOTTLE, FLASK-SHAPED (3 3-4 IN.), CHASED WITH FLOWERS IN LOW RELIEF.

ment ends and the upward movement begins. Swing, by the bye, is as variously discussed as a point of school divinity. The last subject-catalogue of the British Museum bears witness to this, and, as for the kinds of swing, the list in the Badminton book would exhaust my already imperilled space were it quoted here, a thing happily unnecessary, for good golfers know them all and several others. Another little book, "GOLF SIMPLIFIED," by Dave Hunter (Hodder and Stoughton; 5s.), reduces the whole art to "the turn of the wrist," with necessary variations. "FIRST STEPS TO GOLF," by G. S. Brown (Mills and Boon; 4s.), belongs also to the great company of primers—those "Gates," "A B C's" and "Quick Cuts"—that promise proficiency to the beginner. The flood of golf books grows overwhelming. He who undertakes to compile the bibliography must be a young man, and before it is finished he will be an old one. The same thing was said by a literary golfer departed, of the person who would perfectly write the history of the Royal and Ancient Game.

One of our most whimsical humourists in his first book reduced psycho-analysis to the serio-comic. Not with a burlesque intention, Mr. Wells has chosen the scientific confessional as the chief material for "THE SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). Sir Richmond Hardy, of the Fuel Commission, a man of very high and very generous standards, had yet in him "a disreputable streak of intrigue." Mr. Wells took him and his streak to a psycho-analyst. The result was not a futurist-scientific romance, but a new Wells novel of this present evil world.



THE "CAMOUFLAGED" KILLER-WHALE: A GRAMPUS AND HIS PREY.

A Grampus, or Killer-Whale, is here seen attacking a school of porpoises. Like all whales, the Grampus is very fond of cuttlefish as a food, but will often follow a school of porpoises even to the British coast. He has to be very hungry indeed to feed upon fish proper. The Grampus is a beautiful animal,

His markings are for camouflage, and the eye, in particular, is very difficult to find. He is a very swift swimmer, and, like most fighting creatures of the sea, he possesses a huge fin, the object of which is doubtless to assist him in sudden turning movements.

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"THE RED BOY."

Our publication of Gainsborough's picture "The Blue Boy" was such a success that we now give, as a companion to it, Sir Thomas Lawrence's equally charming portrait which we have named "The Red Boy." Its official title is "Master Lambton." The subject was Charles William Lambton, eldest son of the first Earl of Durham, the famous statesman

and Governor-General of Canada. "His Canadian policy," wrote the late Professor Churton Collins, "was the basis of all Colonial administration." He died in 1840. The boy of the picture was born in 1818 and died in his fourteenth year. It is by the courtesy of the first Earl's grandson, the present Earl of Durham, that we reproduce the portrait.

Our readers were so much interested in "The Blue Boy" that we issued it also as a separate photo on art paper, ready for framing, at 2s. 6d. post free, 3s. 3d., and "The Red Boy" is being published in similar form, and at the same price. The pair together can be had for 5s. 6d. post free.

AFTER SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PAINTING, "MASTER LAMBTON," IN THE POSSESSION OF LORD DURHAM AT LAMBTON CASTLE. BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, WHOSE COPYRIGHT IS STRICTLY RESERVED.



WITH "MASKS"
PAINTED ON THE
ACTORS' FACES:
MAKE-UP IN CHINESE
DRAMA.

The central illustration shows the make-up of a warrior. On the left below is an actor's face painted with the mask of a warrior on foot, and, on the right, one as a brigand (a minor part).



"A SORT OF COLOURED MASK PAINTED DIRECTLY ON THE FACE": CHINESE MAKE-UP.

The Chinese theatre has peculiar conventions of its own, especially in the matter of make-up. Actual masks are not worn, but a mask-like effect is produced by the painting of the actor's face. Every type of character has its particular form of make-up. Our illustrations are reproduced from a new and fascinating book, "The Chinese Theatre," by Chu-Chia-Chien, translated from the French by James A. Graham, and illustrated with paintings, sketches, and crayon drawings by Alexandre

Jacovleff. A review of the volume appears on a later page of this number. "The painted mask," writes M. Jacovleff in his Preface, "reminds one of those seen on ancient pictures. It is a real mask in which only the eyes live. . . . Often the mouth, the most mobile part of the face, is entirely hidden by a thick, silky beard. But even without the beard the ornamentation of the painted mask is so precise and conventional that the mouth takes no part in the play of expression"



Visiting London: The Comédie Française.



The full company of the Comédie Française is to give two special performances at His Majesty's Theatre in aid of charity. The first will be on the evening of Sunday, May 28, and the second on the following Monday afternoon. The funds to be benefited are those of the Institut Français du Royaume Uni and the Reims Cathedral Restoration Fund. On the first day André Rivoire's "Il Etait une Bergère" and Molière's "L'Avare" will be given, and on the second day Molière's "Le Misanthrope" and Edmond Sée's "Un Ami de Jeunesse."

PARISIANS are never particularly pleased when the players of the Comédie Française leave them for a while, whether it be to appear in the provinces of France or abroad. They are exceedingly proud of their premier official theatre—are



TO PLAY HARPAGON IN MOLIÈRE'S "L'AVARE" AT HIS MAJESTY'S ON SUNDAY, MAY 28: M. DE FÉRAUDY, OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

Photograph by "Comœdia."

ever jealous of it, even though they are unsparing in their criticisms. If they gibe or grumble occasionally, it is merely because they desire perfection. The only foreign visits they tolerate gladly are those the Comédie Française pays to London, for these have become something of a tradition since the company were seen in England for a season in 1871, during the troubled times of the Commune.

Shakespeare represents British art permanently and magnificently in France. French art cannot be better presented in Britain than by the Comédie Française (its habitués call it simply "la Comédie").

Could anything better fill its allotted part? It has distinction; it includes all the great dramatists' plays in its répertoire during their writers' lifetime; and it keeps their memory fresh after they are dead. It is the only institution which has remained intact throughout the evolution and the revolutions of centuries; its only changes have been for good.

The foundation of this most famous of State theatres dates from a *lettre de cachet* of Oct. 21, 1680, by which Louis XIV. united the company of Molière, who died seven years before, with that of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, making them a single privileged entity. It is 1680 which is given in the advertisements and on the programmes and the note-paper of the Comédie as the year of its foundation. But it might equally well be argued that it originated earlier: 1658 can be cited, for it was then that Molière returned from a long tour in the provinces, established himself in Paris, and played before the King; 1643 might also claim to be the fateful year, for then it was that Molière and his comrades founded the Illustre-Théâtre, basing it on the principles of those fraternities who used to act mysteries—principles which, a little modified to suit present-day conditions, still bind together the Sociétaires and the Pensionnaires of the Comédie Française of the present year of grace.

The Sociétaires and the Pensionnaires together number over sixty. At least half of the total belong to the latter category, and are not considered to be associates. They are merely actors engaged by the Administrateur-Général (delegated by the Minister of Public Instruction) appointed by the Council of Administration, and their contracts can be cancelled at the end of a year. If their services are judged satisfactory and their engagements are renewed regularly, they become entitled to a pension of from three to five thousand francs a year after twenty-five years' acting.

Further, the Minister admits two, three, or four of the best of them as Sociétaires each year, on the proposal of the Administrateur or on the advice of the committee.

Every new Sociétaire, however, though interested in and participating in the prosperity of the House of Molière, is not, as a matter of course, on an equal footing with the majority of his elders. The benefits of the House are divided into shares, and each of these is split into twelve parts. A new-comer is entitled to three or four twelfths only from year to year, according to the work done and its merits. Later, the "portion" is increased by half a twelfth, or even by a whole twelfth—in rare cases, by two twelfths—until a whole share is the reward.

One half of the moneys represented by the twelfths is given to the Sociétaires; the other half is retained by the Society, which uses the interest of the accumulated sums for paying pensions. The amounts kept back are handed over to the Sociétaires when they retire.

Being thus based on administrative methods which have been tried and proved, working on co-operative lines, possessing a magnificent property in the heart of the capital, and being subsidised to the extent of 500,000 francs a year, the Comédie Française, naturally enough, queens it over all the other theatres of Paris—indeed, is unrivalled anywhere.

The Administrative Committee which controls it is composed of nine Sociétaires (members), one of whom is a woman, and of three Sociétaires (assistant



THE FIRST LONDON VISIT FOR FIFTEEN YEARS OF THE FULL COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE COMPANY: MME. CÉCILE SOREL, TO PLAY CÉLIMÈNE IN "LE MISANTHROPE" AT HIS MAJESTY'S ON MAY 29.

Photograph by Manuel.

members), one of whom is also a woman. It meets periodically, and is presided over by the Administrateur Général, who is almost invariably a man of letters. Upon its decision rests the acceptance

or refusal of new dramatic works submitted to it. This fact has been severely criticised by certain writers, who have refused to allow that actors can possess any literary judgment. In truth, it must be admitted that the Committee



TO PLAY ALCESTE IN MOLIÈRE'S "LE MISANTHROPE" AT HIS MAJESTY'S, AT THE SPECIAL MATINÉE ON MAY 29: M. RAPHAËL DUFLOS, OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.—[Photograph by Manuel.]

has been known to refuse fine works and to accept mediocre ones; indeed, as a sequel to several errors of this kind, a Minister abolished the Committee in 1901, and gave the Administrateur Général, then Jules Claretie, full powers to accept or refuse plays.

The merits of the pieces produced in the ensuing years did not, however, seem to justify the change of choice. Also, it was obviously unjust to prevent the Sociétaires choosing for themselves works on which the material and moral prosperity of their Society depended. So, in 1910, another Minister re-established the celebrated Comité de Lecture.

The fault of such an organisation is that it is tempted to refuse consideration of plays which may be of outstanding value, merely because the authors are unknown; whereas, in the case of writers of established reputation who are in direct touch with their most celebrated interpreters, the reading of a play to the Committee is merely, generally speaking, nothing more than a formality.

Such are the chief points in the organisation and working of the Comédie Française. A few words may be added as to the institution's *raison d'être*.

Its patient and sagacious recruiting methods bring it Pensionnaires who are already, for the most part, accomplished actors. The best of these improve under the influence of their superiors and by studying the great works which are part of their repertory. Some, it is true, lose the simple, natural acting which so many admire in modern players; but they gain "style," without which it is impossible truly to enact in the spirit in which they were conceived classical comedy, seventeenth-century tragedy, or even romantic drama.

The mission of the Comédie Française is, therefore, two-fold: to set for actors a standard of thoughtful, regular work, and give them a taste for discreet elegance and distinction; and to discover and produce the finest contemporary plays in order that, through them, may be perpetuated all that is best in the stage traditions of a great country.

THE ARMY AND THE R.A.F.: WAR-LIKE DISPLAYS BEFORE THE KING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



WATCHED BY THE KING: A BOMBING DISPLAY BY AEROPLANES ATTACKING IMAGINARY INFANTRY—A BOMB BURSTING.



INSPECTING A MECHANICAL STARTER FOR AEROPLANE ENGINES: THE KING (ON LEFT OF GROUP) AND QUEEN (RIGHT) AT THE R.A.F. AERODROME ON COVE COMMON.



WIRELESS TELEPHONY FROM AEROPLANES IN FLIGHT: THE KING AND QUEEN BESIDE THE MOBILE TENDER CONTAINING THE APPARATUS.



WATCHING THE BOMBING DISPLAY FROM THE CREST OF COVE HILL: THEIR MAJESTIES WITH OFFICERS AT THE R.A.F. AERODROME.



BREAKING THROUGH A SOLID BRICK WALL WITH EASE: A NEW TYPE OF MEDIUM TANK GIVING A REMARKABLE DISPLAY BEFORE THE KING (ON RIGHT IN FRONT) AND QUEEN (CENTRE OF GROUP) AT THE TANK CORPS QUARTERS AT PINEHURST, NEAR FARNBOROUGH.

That the Army and the Air Force are still very much alive was demonstrated to the King and Queen during their stay at Aldershot. On Saturday, May 20, they went over to Farnborough and visited, first, the Tank Corps quarters at Pinehurst, and later, the R.A.F. aerodrome on Cove Common. At Pinehurst, within the space of half an hour, tanks of a new medium type showed that solid brick walls, stout trees, and barbed-wire entanglements presented not even a temporary check to their advance. The royal party next motored to the aerodrome, and from seats on the crest of Cove Hill watched a succession of

aeroplane displays. Four Bristol fighters first circled overhead and then discharged smoke-bombs on an imaginary infantry battalion with an accuracy that would have been devastating. A tank, guided by wireless telephony from an aeroplane 1000 ft. up, then exterminated a "strong point." The King and Queen were deeply interested in the marvels of radio-telephony, and thoroughly examined the mobile tender containing the apparatus. The air display concluded with thrilling aeroplane "stunts" and an attack by scout machines on a big aeroplane representing a returning raider.

THE AMATEUR GOLFERS' BIG FORTNIGHT: SANDWICH AND PRESTWICK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G.



HELD BACK BY A "HUMAN ROPE": THE CROWD OF SPECTATORS AT THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL.



THE FOUR SEMI-FINALISTS: MISS JOAN STOCKER, MISS JOYCE WETHERED (THE NEW CHAMPION), MISS CECIL LEITCH, AND MISS GLADYS BASTIN (L. TO R.).



PUTTING ON THE SECOND GREEN IN THE FINAL: MISS JOYCE WETHERED AT PRINCE'S, SANDWICH.



THE NEW LADY CHAMPION—AND CUP: MISS JOYCE WETHERED, WHO DEFEATED MISS CECIL LEITCH.



VICTORIOUS OVER ENGLAND IN THE INTERNATIONAL MATCHES AT PRESTWICK: THE SCOTTISH TEAM.



DEFEATED BY SCOTLAND IN THE INTERNATIONAL MATCHES AT PRESTWICK: THE ENGLISH TEAM.

The past fortnight has been the festival of amateur golf, for the Ladies' Open Championship took place last week at Prince's, Sandwich, and was followed this week by the struggle for the Amateur Championship at Prestwick. Miss Joyce Wethered, who became the new lady golf champion, by defeating Miss Cecil Leitch in the final by 9 and 7, is only 20. The crowds which watched the final were enormous, and the fact that the spectators did not all observe the etiquette of silence during the playing of a stroke, obviously disturbed Miss Leitch.—The victory of Scotland over England in the revived international matches, which preceded the Amateur Championship at Prestwick, was a surprise. They won

by 10 points to 4. The names in our groups of the rival teams are as follows: Scotland (standing)—Mr. J. Wilson, Mr. J. Gordon Simpson, Mr. T. A. Torrance, Mr. G. C. Manford, Mr. Harry Braid, Mr. A. Armour; and (seated) Mr. W. B. Torrance, Mr. G. L. C. Jenkins, Mr. W. I. Hunter (Amateur Champion, 1921, who defeated Mr. Tolley in the International Singles), and Mr. Robert Harris. England (standing)—Mr. G. L. Mellin, Mr. C. V. L. Hooman, Mr. E. Noel Layton, Mr. T. E. Ellison, Mr. E. W. E. Holderness, Mr. C. Bretherton; and (seated) Mr. Angus V. Hambro, Mr. C. J. T. Tolley, Mr. Roger Wethered, and Mr. C. C. Aylmer. The number of entries for the Amateur Championship was 252.

The Best of the Book

SNOWFLAKE TO BRINE: DOWN THE COLUMBIA FROM SOURCE TO SEA.*

SCENICALLY, the Columbia is the grandest of the world's great rivers. Commercially, from source to mouth, some 1,400 miles, it is well-nigh useless for power, irrigation, or transportation. As a provider of adventure for the *voyageur* it would be difficult to parallel it. Our author followed it from the breathless moment at which he let the whole of its stream trickle down his back in a glacial ice-cave in the high Selkirks until he pushed out into tide-water at the foot of the Cascades one showery end-of-an-afternoon—from snowflake to brine!

When he first thought of engaging on his enterprise, he was not encouraged by the talkers. Some of them really knew the risks of the journey; others were longshoremen addicted to yarns. All sought to dissuade him, making common cause. He was warned that the Columbia was a "he" river, if ever there was one, and that he would certainly not be troubled with "on-wee." Said another: "So they've been trying to frighten you out of it. They always do that with strangers who come here to tackle the Bend. And mostly they succeed. There was one chap they couldn't stop, though. He was a professor of some kind from Philadelphia. Fact is, he wasn't enough frightened. That's a bad thing with the Columbia, which isn't to be taken liberties with. I buried him near the head of Kinbasket Lake. We'll see his grave when we come down from Surprise Rapids. I'll want to stop off for a bit and see if the cross I put up is still standing. He was..."

Another told the tale of Steinhoff, whose canoe was sucked down into the big whirlpool at the foot of the second cataract of Surprise Rapids. His histrionic ability was worthy of his story; but, notes Mr. Freeman, "the iterated statement that Steinhoff's canoe-mate, who was thrown into the water at the same time, won his way to the bank by walking along the bottom *beneath* the surface, had a decidedly steadying effect on the erratic flights to which my fancy had been launched by Big Bend yarns generally. There had been something strangely familiar in them all, and finally it came to me—Chinese *fengshui* generally, and particularly the legends of the sampan men of the portage villages along the Ichang gorges of the Yangtze. The things the giant dragon lurking in the whirlpools at the foot of the rapids would do to the luckless ones he got his back-curving teeth into were just a slightly different way of telling what the good folk of Golden claimed the Big Bend would do to the hapless wights who ventured down its darksome depths.

"Now I thought of it in this clarifying light, there had been 'dragon stuff' bobbing up about almost every stretch of rough water I had boated. Mostly it was native superstition, but partly it was small town pride—pride in the things their 'Dragon' had done and would do. Human nature—yes, and river rapids, too—are very much the same the world over, whether on the Yangtze, Brahmaputra, or Upper Columbia." Anyway, he started; "registering" anything but gloom. Roos, Len H. Roos, the movie-picture man, of N.Y.C., went with him for his own purposes, and decided that his beloved "continuity" demanded that the traveller should be "The Farmer Who Would See the Sea!" Mr. Freeman obliged, under difficulties; but he was always helpful. Certain "stunts" went wrong; they were "oil-cans" in Roos's slang. Others did not: they were "the cat-ears," to quote the camera-man again!

The experiments in making artificial bergs for the pictures, by blasting pinnacles of ice from a grotto, failed, but the dog learnt readily enough to

refuse with contempt rashers of birch-bark anointed with iodine—to show how even he had tired of bacon: this to introduce the great shooting act. The goat-victim was thoroughly dead when it came tumbling down, but the curl of the blue smoke from the hunter's rifle was all that could be desired by the most fastidious "fan": "they had contrived that effective little touch by dribbling a bit of melted butter down the barrel before firing. Smokeless powder is hardly 'tell-tale' enough for movie work." A suitable "Pacific Ocean" was sought for hours, that the "farmer" might be seen seeing the sea; but it was not to be found in the vicinity of Pasco. Writes the conniving author: "If that Beverly sand-storm had only made itself felt seventy-five miles farther down river I honestly believe we could have accomplished our worthy end. There was a pretty bit of white beach below the N.P. bridge. If the

from the category of foot-hogs, actors who gobble up feet of film, wallowing in it greedily.

That was the less serious part of the expedition. Mr. Freeman treats upon it with impish humour, thoroughly enjoying it and imparting his joy to others; but it must not be allowed to obscure the very real dangers of his journey or his difficulties. Nor must it be permitted to detract from the resulting film; the by-play, the little tricks, were but an infinitesimal part of a valuable whole, vital if a "story" were to be allied to educative pictures. Nothing could alter the main facts or the grandeur of their setting.

The risks were many and ever-present. The sights were such as are seldom seen. Progress was by laborious pulling; occasionally by raft; occasionally in tow; by "lining" and "poling"—towing the frail craft from the shore when unboatable water was reached, and fending her off banks and boulders by means of a pole; and by "portage"—carrying the boat, or having her carried, when there was no other way of going forward. It was made in fine weather and in foul; in calm and in blustering wind and flying spray; whirlpools had to be met; rapids had to be shot; rocks to be dodged. The unknown, the hidden, death-dealing obstruction was everywhere. Nothing but sheer skill and determination, craft-cunning, and uncanny pre-vision of the ways of the waters, pulled the traveller through.

Think of the Little Dalles: "They are formed by a great reef of limestone, which at one time probably made a dam all the way across the river. The narrow channel which the Columbia has worn through the stone is less than two hundred feet in width for a considerable distance, and has lofty perpendicular walls. The river is divided by a small rock island into two channels at the head, the main one, to the right, being about two hundred feet in width, and the narrow left-hand one not over forty feet. The depth of the main channel is very great—probably much greater than its narrowest width—so that here, as also at Tumwater and 'Five-Mile' in the Great Dalles, it may be truly said that the Columbia 'has to turn on its side to wriggle through.'

"It is that little rock island at the head of the gorge, extending, as it does, almost longitudinally across the current, that makes all the trouble. It starts one set of whirlpools running down the right-hand channel and another down the left-hand. Every one of the vortices in this dual series of 'suckers' is more than one would care to take any liberties with if it could be avoided; and either line of whirlpools, taken alone, probably could be avoided. The impassable barrage comes a hundred feet below the point where the left-hand torrent precipitates itself into the currents of the right-hand one, and the two lines of whirlpools converge in a 'V' and form one big walloping sockdolager. Him there would still be room to run by if he were 'whoufing' there alone; but his satellites won't have it. Their accursed teamwork is such that the spreading 'V' above catches everything that comes down stream and feeds it into the maw of the big whirlpool as into a hopper. Logs, ties, shingle-bolts, fence-posts—all the refuse of sawmills, and the flotsam and jetsam of farms and towns—are gulped with a 'whotf'; and when they reappear again, a mile or two down river, they are all scoured smooth and round-cornered by their passage through the monster's alimentary canal!" That was one of the points at which the voyagers had to get out and walk; but there were others almost as terrifying which were negotiated in boat or on raft.

The adventure was a fine one—worth while if only for the book that has been born of it.—E. H. G.

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L O N D O N.

Printed by H. Herringman, E. Brewster, and R. Bentley, at the Anchor in the New Exchange, the Crane in St. Pauls Church-Yard, and in Ruffet-Street Covent-Garden. s. d. 5.

WITH SEVEN ADDED PLAYS, OF WHICH ONLY "PERICLES" IS NOW ATTRIBUTED TO SHAKESPEARE: THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE FOURTH FOLIO, ANOTHER COPY OF WHICH FETCHED £200 AT THE BURDETT COUTTS SALE.

This copy of the Fourth Folio of 1685, as mentioned on the opposite page, is in the possession of Messrs. Bernard Quaritch. Another copy of this edition, with the Joseph Knight and Francis Saunders imprint, fetched £200 at the Burdett-Coutts sale at Sotheby's on May 16. After 1685, no edition of folio size was reprinted until the nineteenth century. Droeshout's portrait was reprinted from the same plate for all four editions; but in 1685, having become much worn, it was considerably re-worked.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Bernard Quaritch, Ltd.]

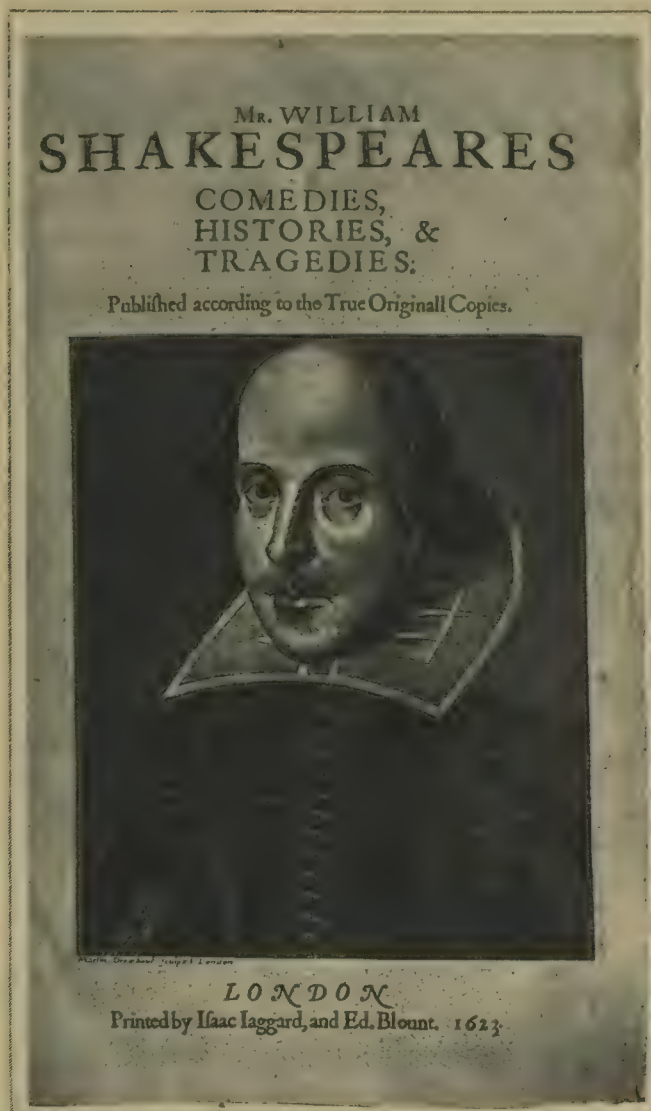
sand had been blowing thick enough to obscure the farther shore, and if the wind had blown in the right direction to throw up a line or two of surf, I could have stood with one foot on that beach, the other on *Imshallah's* bow, elbow on knee, chin in hand, and registered 'fulfilment,' and none could have told it from the real Pacific. Indeed, that bit of backwash from Pasco's outfall sewer, with the sand-barrage and surf I have postulated, would have 'shot' more like the Pacific than many spots I can think of looking off to the Columbia bar."

In such manner, the "farmer" learnt to do things "snappily," to "register" awed-wonder, disappointment, disgust, hope, and all the other emotions, so professionally that he was promoted

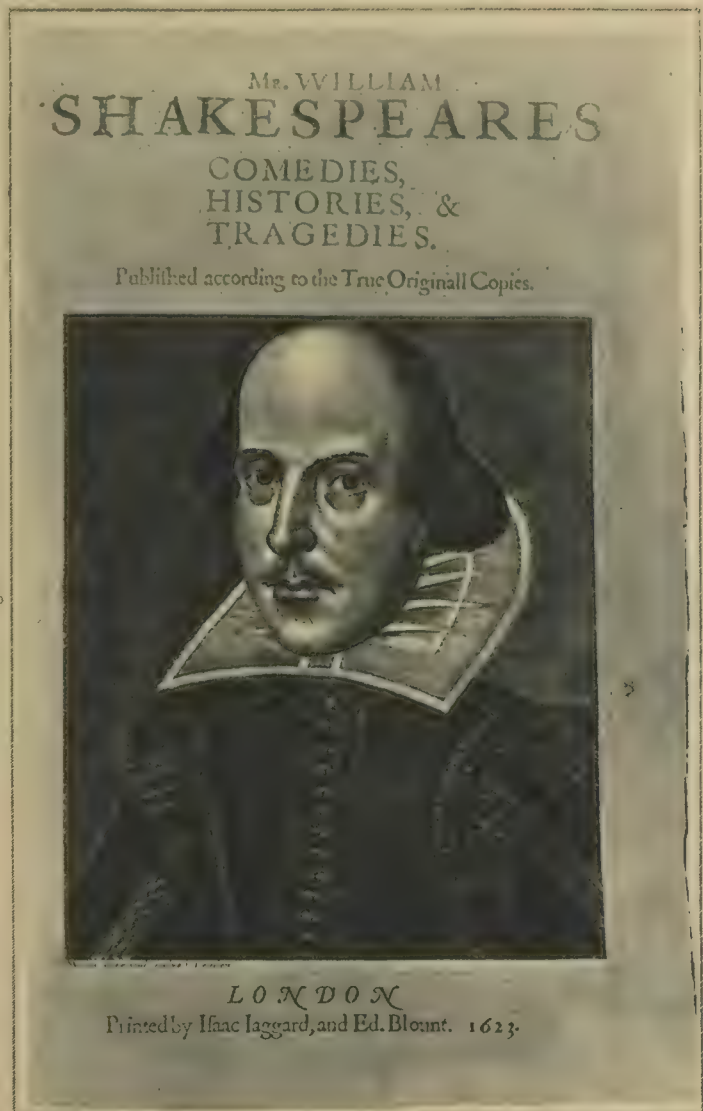
* "Down the Columbia." By Lewis R. Freeman. With Illustrations from Photographs. (Heinemann; 25s. net.)

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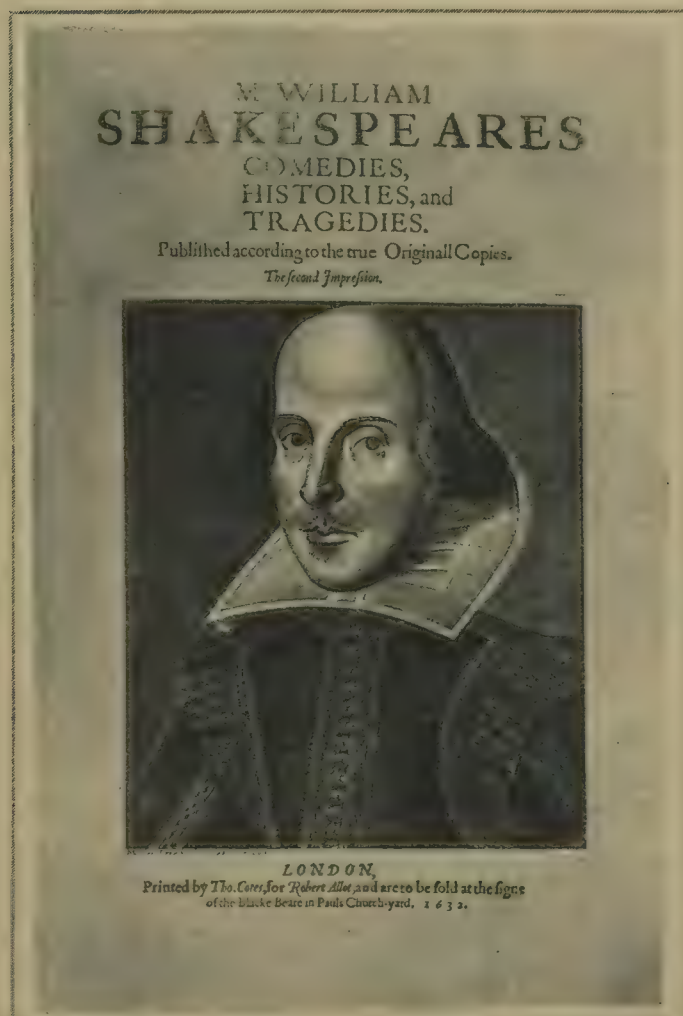
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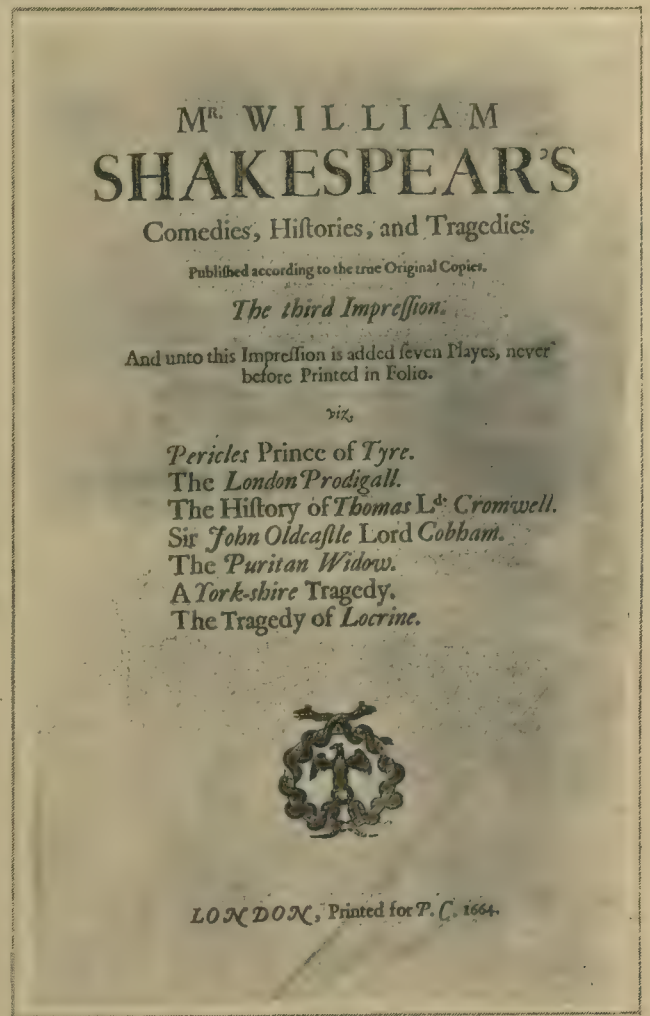
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WITH UNFINISHED MOUSTACHE AND WITHOUT "CROSS-HATCH" SHADING ON THE COLLAR (TO THE RIGHT):
MR. BERNARD QUARITCH'S FIRST FOLIO.



PRINTED JOINTLY FOR FIVE BOOKSELLERS (ALLOT, ASPLEY, HAWKINS, MEIGHEN, AND SMETHWICK) WITH VARYING IMPRINTS: A SECOND FOLIO TITLE-PAGE (1632).



AN EDITION PARTLY DESTROYED, IT IS SAID, IN THE FIRE OF LONDON, AND THEREFORE RARER THAN THE SECOND AND FOURTH: A THIRD FOLIO (1664).

In the upper left illustration on this page is reproduced a facsimile of the title-page of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's copy of the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Works, published in 1623, which realised £8600 at auction at Sotheby's on May 16. By the courtesy of Messrs. Bernard Quaritch, Ltd., we are enabled to show in juxtaposition the title-page of another copy now in their possession. This copy has the distinction, shared by only two others now known (those in the Bodleian Library—Malone collection—and in the

library of Mr. H. C. Folger, of New York), of having the celebrated engraved portrait by Martin Droeshout in the first state, before the moustache was finished, and without the cross-hatching on the collar. Also reproduced in facsimile from Messrs. Quaritch's stock are the title-pages of the three succeeding editions of 1632, 1663-4 and 1685 (opposite page). The third edition was first published in 1663, and re-issued in 1664, with a cancel title and seven extra plays, none of which, except "Pericles," is now attributed to Shakespeare.



THE Queen looked very handsome at Drury Lane last week, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy parts of the programme. Her Majesty wore a dress of silver-grey silk jersey cloth, embroidered in silver and oxydized silver; and a hat of silver tissue, the wide brim turned up like a Russian head-dress, was closely embroidered with tubular silver beads which glittered like jewels. Diamond and sapphire ornaments were worn. I would not like to say that the Queen actually sang the chorus to Sir Harry Lauder's songs, but her Majesty's lips were moving and her head went in rhythm with the tune. Lady Patricia Ramsay wore a dress of the new antelope shade in crêpe marocain, embroidered with silk deeper in the same scheme of colour. A hat of the deeper tone was worn wreathed round with flowers shaded from pale yellow to bright russet. The Duke of York was of the royal party. Drury Lane Theatre Royal is a very handsome house now, and it was filled in every part. The financial success of the matinée was secure from the time that the King and Queen announced their intention to be present; but one expected to see a few rows of stalls and some boxes filled by the *crème de la crème*; so far as appearances and finances were concerned, however, the *lait du lait* did quite as well.

Once more we are within hail of Ascot, the greatest dress-show in the world. On all sides I am hearing that Harrods will lead the way there. The reason is that never before has this great house had such a variety of beautiful models, and, still more pleasantly remarkable, that the value is so excellent. A friend is beaming with joyful anticipation of the "garden party" race

flexible oxydized silver belt with a big blue clasp. It is essentially a dress of distinction, and one that satisfies my friend's very fastidious taste. Then there is a gown of the softest shade of pale antelope colour, made with deep and plentiful insertions of very fine filet lace exactly matching. With this, too, there is a lovely graceful cape. The fourth frock is of the lingerie order, but quite glorified lingerie, finest lawn, almost a dead white, and handsome thick lace to match. Of such dresses there is quite a wide choice. My friend tells me that her bill was quite a moderate one—approved by her other half—and she looks forward to an Ascot when she can rustle it with quite the best turned-out people in the Enclosures, and of the smartest luncheon parties. Lucky woman, and good old Harrods! Those who know are saying best style and best value are there. Court dress is also most successfully catered for, also river and tennis frocks.

As we women lose all consideration for our waist-lines, men show symptoms of developing a decided predilection for theirs. The plus-four golfing-suit always intrigued me because of the wide, flat aspect of the knickerbockers, very like a woman's sport skirt divided, and the flat pleats at the waist. Now I see that smart men have pleats stitched flatly at the waist in the trousers of their tennis and boating flannels. Also I understand that smart men have decided to revive the worship of the shiniest of top hats, and for undress either straws or bowlers; soft felt hats are to be denounced as *démodé*.

Writing of hats reminds me that I was much interested in a booklet called "A Hundred Years After." The writing is by George R. Sims, the illustrations by Savile Lumley, and the history is that of "Ye Hatterie" associated with Henry Heath, the proprietors thereof for a hundred years. It tells of the beaver, commonly called "a castor," and of its successor the "topper," introduced by Henry Heath in 1839—he had started business in 1822—and it has covered British brains and put the finishing touch to the best-groomed men in Europe ever since, altering somewhat in style from time to time. Kings and Princes wear it, his Spanish Majesty being the last to give his Royal Appointment to Henry Heath. The firm's work-rooms are behind "Ye Hatterie" in Oxford Street, and here two hundred hands are always busy making hats—and not for men only. Our sex was so appreciative of Henry Heath headgear that we insisted on being catered for at "Ye Hatterie" as well as our uncles, our cousins, and our husbands.

Church Parade, Hyde Park, mid-May, 1922. Was I dreaming, or really alive, sitting beneath Achilles' statue looking on at what used to be a fashionable function? I was not having a day nightmare, I am now persuaded. I saw many hundreds of dresses at which even the suburbs would turn up their noses. Whence they came,

and who were their wearers, I cannot even surmise. Out of all the frocks, I counted five that apparently were made by experienced modistes and worn by women of dignity and refinement. I saw



A TAFFETAS AND ORGANDIE GOWN.

Harrods had Ascot again in view when they created this picturesque costume. The wide full skirt is of organdie, and so is the collar, and both are edged with goffered frills of alternate rows of white and scarlet. The little coat is of black taffetas, trimmed with monkey fur.

a double row of motor-cars of all sorts and sizes—like the Irish fishwife's wares—drawn up opposite the old-world parade ground. Each car held double or more the numbers for which it was intended. I saw over a score of riders—one never saw any on Sunday in the good old days. These wore weird attire and eccentric hats, signalled to their friends in the pedestrian crowd with their crops, and shouted to each other. Meeting two women I knew at Stanhope Gate, I asked them if this was the real, usual thing now. One answered, "Yes, my dear; I'm a grandmother, and she has grown-up sons, but we never come through the crowd alone now on Sundays; we meet after church, and support each other until we arrive at lunch." I had not attended a Church Parade in Hyde Park for over two years; I don't care if it is twenty before I join in another!

Belfast looms largely in the public eye too sensationally to be pleasant for that fine capital of the North of Ireland, and through no fault of its own. What is pleasant is that Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's great establishment there—one of the handsomest in a city of imposing buildings and situated in Donegall Place—is offering some of their world-famous linens at exceptionally favourable prices. For instance, hand-embroidered tray-cloths from 7s. 9d. to 18s. 9d. each, according to size; and linen sideboard-cloths, similarly embroidered, from 14s. 9d. to 35s. Then there is a very special value in a limited quantity of pure Irish linen damask table-cloths and napkins, and another of very heavy bleached Union huckaback towels with hemmed ends at 22s. 6d. a dozen which are worth 32s. 6d. There are other bargains, particularly of handkerchiefs, most useful always. Particulars of these can be obtained by a postcard to the Belfast firm.

A. E. L.

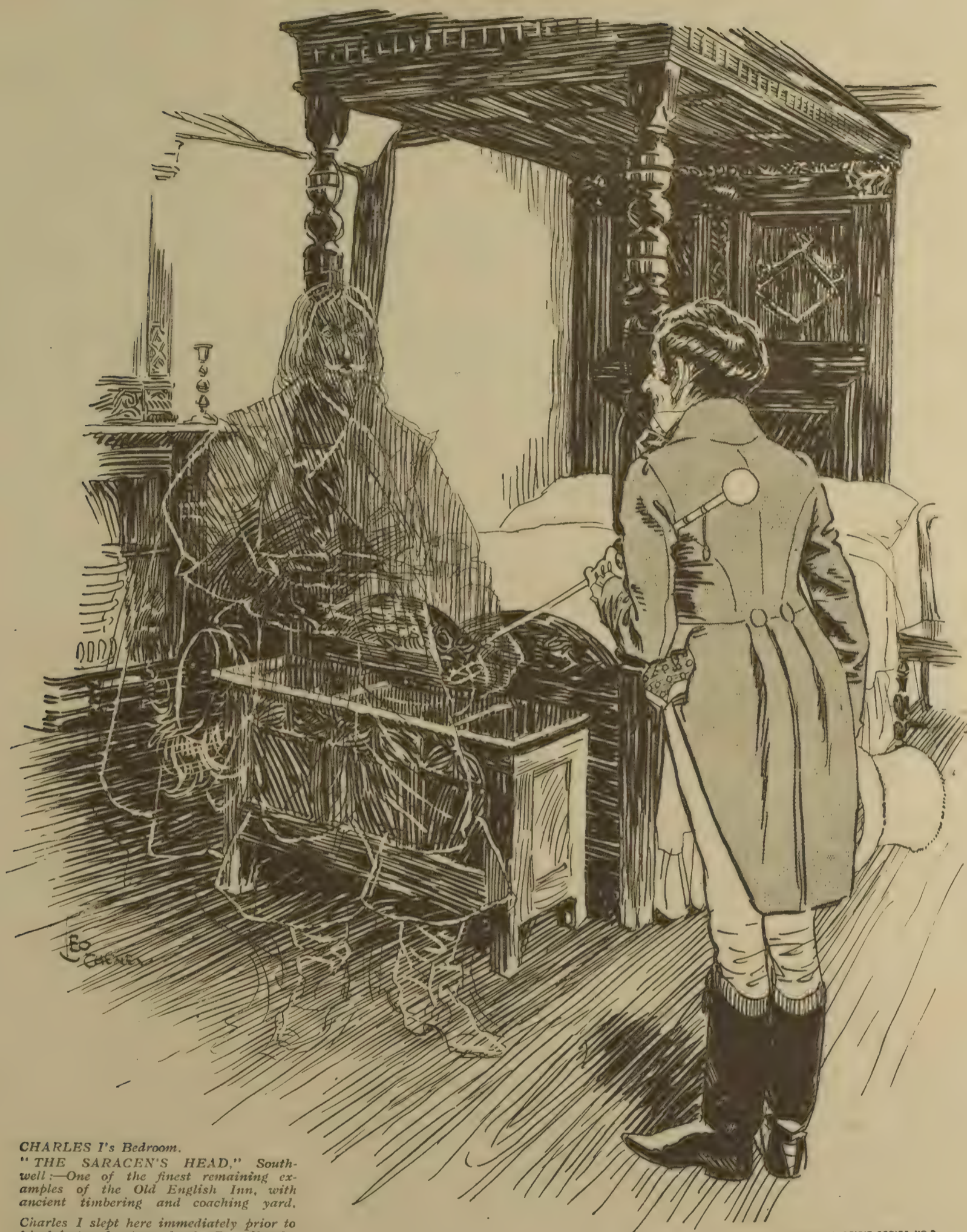


AN ASCOT WRAP.

Even in June, it is always well to be provided with a wrap in case the weather proves chilly. Harrods have designed this one of putty gabardine with a wide embroidered hem.

meeting, because she has selected from Harrods three delicious costumes. One is in the new oyster-white georgette, and a particularly effective lace in the same soft and becoming shade. The dress has lovely long lines and deep tucks, and the latest things in loose and thin caught-up sleeves. Another dress is in a perfect shade of wood-pigeon-grey georgette, and is made up with silk lace having a small, neat design. With this is a long cape, almost to the knees, of crêpe marocain, the same colour, having panels of the lace. There is a

Born 1820——Still going Strong!



CHARLES I's Bedroom.
"THE SARACEN'S HEAD," South-
well:—One of the finest remaining ex-
amples of the Old English Inn, with
ancient timbering and coaching yard.
Charles I slept here immediately prior to
his defeat and capture by the Roundheads.

HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 8.

Johnnie Walker:

"I am glad to note, your Majesty, that you
have regained your head."

Shade of King Charles:

"Like you, JOHNNIE WALKER, my reputation has
improved with age."

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE "RING" AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE performance of Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring," at Covent Garden, by the British National Opera Company, gives us all an opportunity to take stock of our opinions as to Wagner's position as a composer to-day. At the moment of writing, only "The Rhinegold" and "The Valkyrie" have been given, but if the performances of "Siegfried" and "Twilight of the Gods" are on the same level, then it must be admitted that the present production of the "Ring" cycle ranks among the best that have ever been given in this country.

In securing the services of Mr. Albert Coates, the management showed great wisdom, for Mr. Coates is at his very best as a conductor of Wagner in the opera-house. He has vast experience, and in this work experience tells more than in any other, and even Mr. Eugene Goossens, with all his ability, could not have controlled the whole mass of detail incidental to a performance of the "Ring" with the easy, elastic mastery of Mr. Coates. Moreover, the qualities which have made Mr. Coates famous as a conductor are just those qualities that are most needed in the performance of Wagner's operas. Mr. Coates is nothing if he is not dramatic. In the concert-hall he sometimes sacrifices to his dramatic sense other and more essentially musical qualities. That is why there are people who groan at his interpretations of Beethoven's Symphonies, and of music which requires a less broad and massive treatment. Mr. Coates is also not inclined to let himself be hurried, although I once heard him take the last movement of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony faster than I had ever heard it played in my life. The "happy mean" is not Mr. Coates's goal. But Wagner's "Ring" is not for those in a hurry. The right mood in which to go to the "Ring" is one of complete and almost apathetic submission to long unbroken hours of complete boredom. If you go restlessly, expecting and waiting for a few big moments, or if you are

hungry and impatient, you will never properly enjoy the "Ring." You must surrender yourself absolutely for hours at a time, while concentrating your whole attention upon the music, and occasionally, if you can, on the scene and the singers. Not that the singers or the stage action will interrupt your reverie to any extent. For long, almost incalculable periods of time, they will remain motionless, standing with arms folded, or with an arm stretched pointing to some infinite distance, or seated on a rock or a rough-hewn bench, wrapped in profound contemplation.

Wagner had a marvellous sense of the slow drip

any "cuts." Those who are prepared to accept these conditions, those who do not want to get a sudden overwhelming sensation and then get off to supper or to bed as quickly as possible, will be rewarded by an experience which it is impossible to parallel elsewhere in human life. For let us make no mistake about Wagner: he knew what he was about when he composed these gigantic musical epics, which seem to take no account of human endurance at all. I have heard all Wagner's operas many times, and I admit to having been on occasions bored; but experience

has taught me that it has always been my fault (I am not speaking of "Lohengrin" and the operas before it), or the fault of the performers. Given adequate singers, orchestra and conductor, and there is not a note too many in "Tristan," the "Master-singers," or the "Ring."

Let me take two examples to prove this. It is well known that the most long-winded and frequently boring part of "Tristan" is King Mark's oration in the second act. I have sometimes thought this insufferable; but when I heard Mr. Robert Radford, who, fine artist as he is, happened to be in exceptional form at the first performance this year, I thought it was one of the finest things in the opera, and wouldn't have missed a bar of it. Again, the part of Fricka in the "Valkyrie" is frequently thought to be

dull; her plea to Wotan in Act II. to respect the sanctity of marriage and to destroy Siegmund, is so immensely long that many have thought it could with advantage be cut down by half, but when this is sung by a singer with imaginative perception, and the voice and dramatic power necessary to translate her perceptions, it is revealed as a masterpiece of impassioned, vivid invention, perfect in its proportions, and with that final inevitability that springs only from the richest creative energy. Miss Edna Thornton, who played the part at the first performance at Covent Garden this season, proved my argument completely.

It is extraordinarily difficult to come to a considered and well-balanced judgment about Wagner, far more difficult than with any other artist of

[Continued overleaf.]



A DISTINCTIVE TOUCH IN WAR-MEMORIAL DESIGN: THE ASHBOURNE MEMORIAL ARCH, UNVEILED BY BARON CULLEN.

This fine Memorial Arch was unveiled by Baron Cullen of Ashbourne on May 20. Along the top is the inscription: "In grateful memory of those who fell in the Great War, 1914-1918."—[Photograph by Bull, Ashbourne.]

of time. In listening to the "Ring" cycle, we seem to pass through vast geological ages—the Ice Age, the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Age of innumerable vast and cloudy gods who come and disappear like gigantic clouds in a slow sky when there is no wind. I insist upon this point, because it is of the very essence of the "Ring," and one cannot fully realise Wagner's immense genius unless we grasp the fact that this slowness and hugeness of movement is the vital quality of the "Ring." That is why, I may add in passing, it is an outrage to "cut" the "Ring." If it is done at all, it must be done in its entirety; not a bar must be taken from any single one of the four operas which make up this wonderful tetralogy. The present production is satisfactory in this respect, for its intention has been to give the "Ring" without

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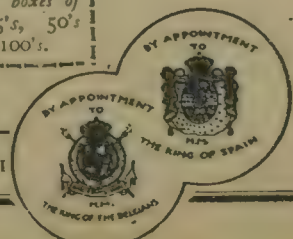
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Continued.
comparable influence. There is not the slightest doubt that in sheer genius Wagner has never been surpassed by anyone; yet his is not that pure specialised form of genius which Mozart in music, and Newton in mathematics, possessed. There are



HOSTESS TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE IMPERIAL CHERRY BLOSSOM GARDEN PARTY: THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN, RECEIVING MEMBERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

The Imperial Cherry Blossom Garden Party, in honour of the Prince of Wales, with the Empress of Japan as hostess, took place in the Shinjiku Gardens at Tokio on Sunday, April 16. The Prince walked with the Empress and the Crown Prince Regent, through a great company of guests, to the reception pavilion, where the royal party took tea.—[Photograph by C.N.]

no anecdotes of his musical prowess in childhood or youth; he was no instrumentalist; he played only the piano, and that indifferently. If he had died at the age of forty instead of being one of the three or four greatest figures in musical history, he would have been known only as a composer of several flamboyant and rather vulgar operas, and of one opera ("Lohengrin") of a somewhat more delicate and finer beauty. His place would probably have been

with Rossini or a little below Rossini. In 1853, however, at the age of forty-one, after five-and-a-half years of complete abstention from musical composition, he began to compose the music to the "Rhinegold," of which in "Mein Leben" he makes the following interesting statement:

"As far as technique was concerned, I soon found myself in a difficulty when I started to write down the orchestral overture, conceived in Spezia in a kind of half-dream, in my usual way of sketching it out on two lines. I was compelled to resort to the complete score-formula; this tempted me to try a new way of sketching, which was a very hasty and superficial one, from which I immediately wrote out the complete score. This process led to difficulties, as the slightest interruption made me lose the thread of my rough draft, and I had to start from the beginning before I could recall it to my memory."

This extract should interest all who, listening to the music of the "Ring," marvel at the human brain which could weave such an astoundingly complex web of sound into so exact and definite a scheme with such apparent spontaneity and richness of invention. The themes of the "Ring" are often miracles of beauty. In themselves, as sheer individual creations, they amaze and delight us; but as they are used, as they are made to gather and knit themselves together in a fabric which glows and shimmers, deepens and broadens into a stupendous magnificence, we can find no words adequate to the intellect of the man who conceived and created so tremendous and beautiful a work.

W. J. TURNER.

THE CHINESE THEATRE.

(See Illustrations on a previous Page.)

THOSE whose acquaintance with the dramatic art of China is limited to having seen "The Yellow Jacket" know at least that, on the Chinese stage, scenic effects and properties are largely left to the imagination, or are represented by conventional symbols. Chinese drama is, indeed, a combination of symbolism, convention, and rhythmic

gesture. Everything is governed by strict rules of custom and tradition, and there is no room for individual originality; the actor is lost in the prescribed formulas of his rôle. Even his appearance is altered beyond recognition. Every type of character has its specified make-up and costume, and, although actual masks are rarely worn, the face is so elaborately painted that the result amounts to a mask.

This and much else is explained in a new book issued by John Lane from the Bodley Head, entitled "The Chinese Theatre," by Chu-Chia-Chien; translated from the French by James A. Graham; with illustrations from paintings, sketches, and crayon drawings by Alexandre Jacovleff, who also contributes a preface. The identity of the author is not disclosed—whether he is a Chinese who wrote in French, or whether Chu-Chia-Chien is a French writer's *nom-de-plume*; but, be that as it may, the book gives a most interesting account of a fascinating subject. M. Jacovleff's colour-plates and drawings are exquisite.



JAPANESE SYMBOLISM AND SCIENCE IN FIRE-FIGHTING: "FIRE-GODS" AT THE BURNING OF THE IMPERIAL HOTEL AT TOKIO, IN WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SUITE LOST THEIR BAGGAGE.

The Imperial Hotel at Tokio was burnt down on April 16. "Fire-engines of a superb type," wrote Mr. Perceval Landon, "were handled with all the science and reckless courage for which Japanese firemen are famous. . . . The whole conduct of the emergency reflects the utmost credit upon Japanese city discipline." The symbolic emblems shown above are described by the photographer as "fire gods," supposed to allay the fire.

Photograph by C.N.

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"In the extremely handsome curtains and draperies, Hamptons have excelled themselves. The tableaux curtain, with its fine pelmet, and all the box draperies are of a rich Chinese yellow velvet, expressly woven for this theatre. The velvet is handsomely embroidered with a design in the Empire style, in azure blue and gold, the whole effect being a dominating feature of the general decorative scheme.

"All that has been written in praise of the beauty of the house is a testimonial to the resources and artistic ability of Hamptons, who also were responsible for repainting and redecorating the whole of the exterior, all the rest of the redecoration, all interior painting of offices, staircases, exits, entrances, etc., and all the carpetings and hangings throughout the theatre."—*The ERA*, 19th April, 1922.

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SPRING FASHIONS.

"IN the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast." So sings the poet. Without loss of rhythm he might have cited the still more striking change which overspreads the breast of the linnet. But this by the way. The robin and the linnet, in common with a host of other birds, put on a wedding garment in the spring. Very often this presents a very striking appearance, so much so as to effect a total transformation. But this change is not always effected by a change of raiment. The crimson breast of the linnet and the black gorget of Philip Sparrow afford cases in point. The linnet's crimson waistcoat is no other than his winter waistcoat, worn threadbare. Would that my own did as much! What happens is this. At the autumn moult the new breast feathers are provided with long fringes which, as spring advances, are shed revealing the hidden glory for the rites of "courtship." The same is true of the sparrow's gorget.

With other birds, all save the wing and tail feathers are shed, and replaced by a new plumage, differing totally from that assumed at the autumn moult. The ruff affords a striking instance of this change. With the return of spring the feathers around the face are shed, and replaced by yellow papillæ. The neck develops an imposing "ruff," recalling that of Elizabethan days; while from the back of the head spring two erectile tufts. The rest of the body puts on new feathers to match. But the case of the ruff is still more striking because of the fact that no two birds—and you may examine hundreds—are alike. There are white ruffs, red ruffs, black ruffs, striped ruffs, and barred ruffs—but, mark you, no two alike.

Those who take delight in watching the swarms of black-headed gulls which haunt the Thames from London Bridge to Kew—and beyond—will have noticed that even as early as January one or two have developed dark patches on the sides of the head. From then onwards, till they disappear for the summer, more and more display the same change, which increases until the whole has become of a sooty-brown colour—hence the name "black-headed" gull. The golden and grey plovers, and the little grey dunlin, to mention but three of a host, change their white waistcoats for sable. The two plovers, indeed, have the whole of the under parts black, while the

change in the coloration of the upper parts of the plumage is equally striking. But in each case the transformation is effected by a complete moult.

But there are ornithologists of repute who will tell you, and after a very vehement fashion, that

this statement as to moulting is, at best, only partly true. They insist that the moult is but partial, and that a quite considerable proportion of this change is effected without a moult. That is to say, they contend that the black head of the gull, and the black breasts of the spring dress of the dunlin and golden plover, are assumed in part by new feathers, which are black from the very commencement of their development; and in part by a migration of black pigment into the tissue of the old white feathers developed during the autumn moult. And they proceed to produce all sorts of queer arguments, which they call "evidence," to prove their contentions.

The utter impossibility of any such change taking place would be apparent to the protagonists of this theory if they had even slight knowledge of the anatomy of a feather, and of the nature of the pigments which determine the coloration of feathers of this kind, for there are some feathers which owe their coloration only in part to pigmentation, and in part to structural peculiarities of the surface.

This belief, that feathers which have long since completed their growth can completely change their coloration, is by no means confined to black feathers. It is supposed to play a large part in the change; for instance, from the "eclipse" dress of many of the ducks to the more resplendent plumage worn during the greater part of the year. Nevertheless, such changes do not take place.

Some years ago I kept a pen of widgeon under observation, examining each bird daily for several weeks, but not a single feather changed its hue. I, indeed, found parti-coloured feathers, which were supposed to demonstrate the change in the course of completion. But the explanation of these is simple. They represent new feathers which have started to grow, just as the secretion of pigmentation for the "nuptial" dress was beginning, or just as it was on the wane. In consequence, such feathers absorbed an insufficient quantity to effect complete coloration. To the end of time such feathers would remain "parti-coloured."

W. P. PYCRAFT.



ONE OF THE THREE PROTAGONISTS IN CHINA: SUN YAT-SEN, PRESIDENT OF SOUTH CHINA, AT KWEILIN, ON THE OCCUPATION OF THAT CITY BY HIS TROOPS.

Sun Yat-Sen was elected Provisional President of China after the Revolution of 1911, but retired, and later formed a Southern Government at Canton. In the recent civil war he at first made overtures to Wu Pei-fu, but, failing to come to terms, was reported to have allied himself with Chang Tso-lin, whom Wu has since defeated (on May 3). On May 13 Sun Yat-Sen's troops, described as a disorderly rabble, were reported to be marching north. On May 20 he was said to be seeking an understanding with Wu. It may be recalled that in 1896 Sun Yat-Sen was a political refugee in London, and was arrested by the Chinese Legation. He threw a note out of window to Dr. (now Sir James) Cantlie, and was released after diplomatic intervention.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

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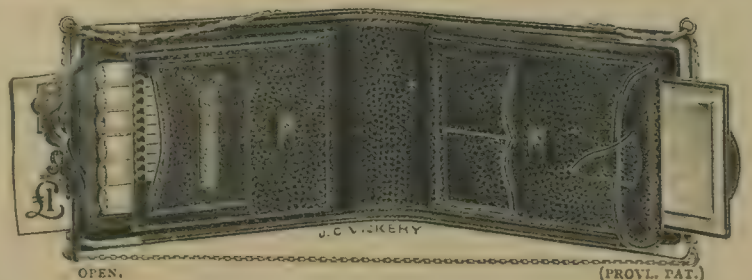
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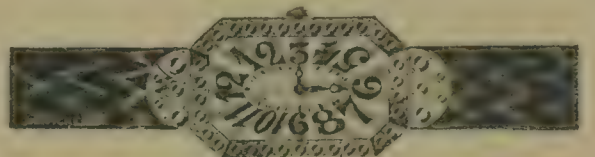
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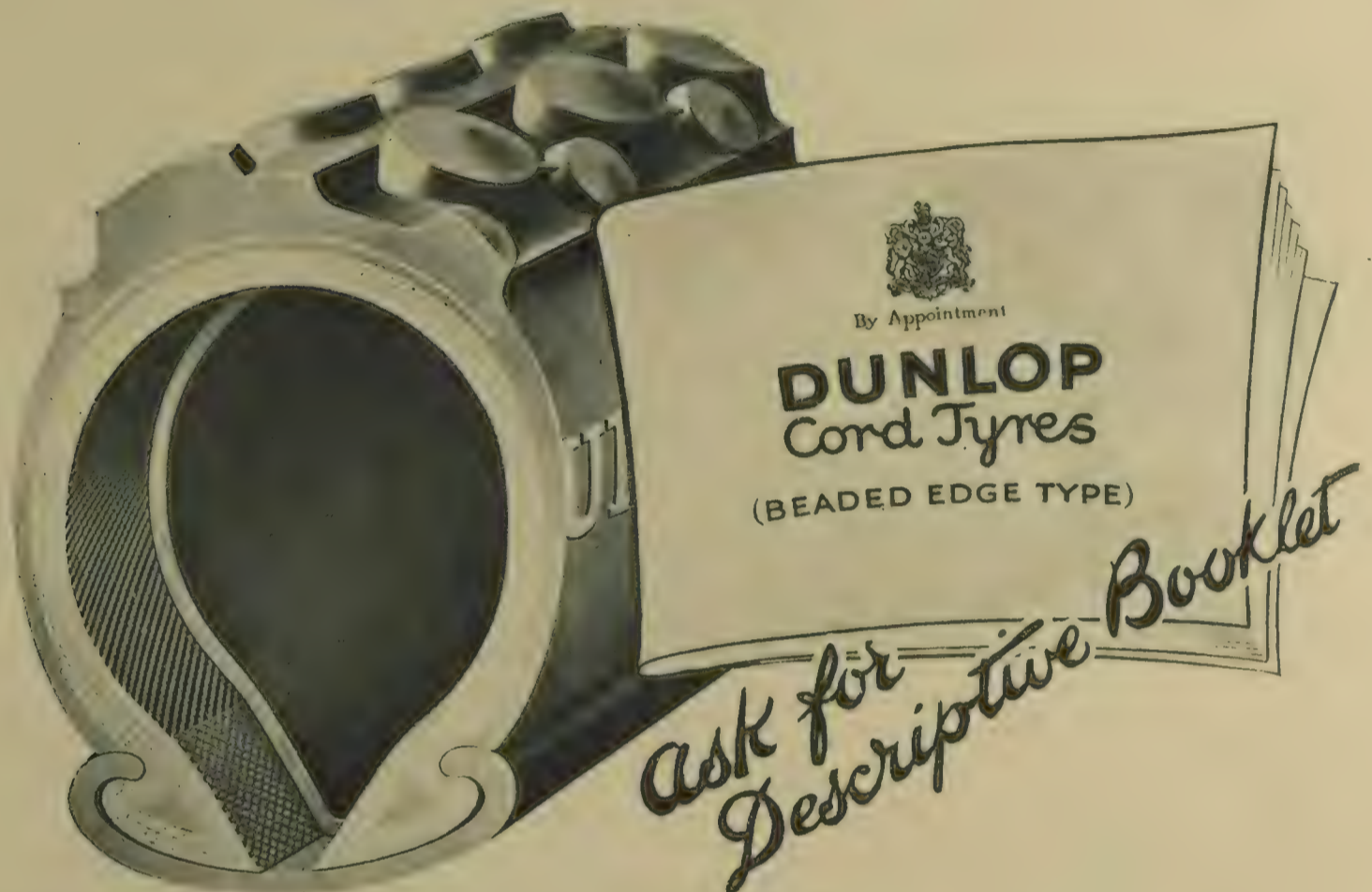
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A Warning to Petrol Purchasers.

The Automobile Association is investigating several cases in which motorists, in endeavouring to take advantage of tempting offers of motor spirit on special terms, are experiencing great difficulty in obtaining either the motor spirit or the return of their money. It is fully realised that there are concerns whose methods of business are, of course, beyond suspicion; but, in view of the information in the possession of the Association, it behoves the motorist, before embarking on any ventures of this kind, to make careful inquiries and satisfy himself that he is dealing with a reputable concern who can deliver spirit of the right quality and within a reasonable time.

Motorists and the Eastbourne Magistrates.

The Automobile Association recently obtained a rule nisi against the Eastbourne magistrates in respect of their refusal to hear a summons against a motorist unless he appeared in person. The Divisional Court has now made the rule nisi absolute and ordered the Eastbourne magistrates to proceed to the determination of the case in the absence of the defendant. The principle of the motorist having the option of being represented by a solicitor instead of appearing in person is one of considerable importance, and the successful action of the Association has upheld that principle.

Motor Taxation Referendum.

The action of the Automobile Association in circulating motorists throughout the country, asking for (a) their views on points connected with motor taxation, and (b) certain particulars of their practical experience on the road during 1921, has met with an enthusiastic response. Already 35,000 forms have been filled up by motorists and returned to the Association. It is the intention of the Association to press for a system of taxation proportionate to use, instead of the present inequitable system of taxing the vehicle regardless of the extent to which it is used on the road, and motorists who wish to help by furnishing particulars of their experience should apply by post-card for a copy of the questionnaire, to the Secretary, Automobile Association, and

Motor Union, 66, Whitcomb Street, W.C.2. A staff is now engaged in the collation of information which should be of invaluable assistance in the efforts which



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are being made to secure a reasonable system of taxation. It would be of great assistance in this work if motorists who have already received a copy of the

questionnaire would return their forms with the least possible delay.

A Wonderful Hill-Climbing "Stunt."

From that well-known writer and motor enthusiast, Mr. J. Inglis-Ker, I have received a long account of a really wonderful hill-climbing feat accomplished by two 11.9-h.p. Bean cars in the Scottish Highlands. It is so interesting that I wish the limitations of space would allow of its reproduction in full; but that is impossible, and I can only refer to it in passing. These two little cars, as a preliminary, climbed to the top of the Lammermuir Law, which is the highest point of the Lammermuirs. Then one essayed the climb of a neighbouring hill, rising to a height of 1900 feet, up which there was not even a track. In Mr. Inglis-Ker's words: "The car zig-zagged from point to point right up the hill-side without the slightest hesitation, and seemed to actually leap like a terrier, dodging bracken and gorse, and mounds of heather. It looked like a tiny aeroplane climbing the face of the hill, and all we could do was to stand and hold our breath. . . . The little car kept on until the summit was reached. From below we could distinctly see the two occupants of the car waving their hats against the blue sky, and a couple of shepherds with their dogs gazed open-mouthed in amazement at the extraordinary performance. . . . The whole exploit was amazing and unique in my experience, and would really have to be seen to be appreciated." It was Mr. Inglis-Ker who initiated the ascent of Ben Nevis by car, eleven years ago, and the climbing of the Corryarrick Pass.

Motor Sport in Australia.

The Royal Automobile Club of Australia opened its programme of competitions for 1922, on February 25, with a one-day reliability run of 106 miles, from Sydney to the foot of the Bulli Pass, and back by way of Campbelltown and the Parramatta Road to the starting point. Mr. Boyd Edkins's eight-years-old 20-h.p. Vauxhall once again was successful, scoring the maximum of points in the open class. His petrol consumption was 36.9 m.p.g., or less than three gallons for the whole distance. Mr. S. C. Ottoway's 30-98-h.p. Vauxhall, owing to fracturing of the porcelain of one of the sparking plugs, was prevented from doing itself justice. W. W.



ABOUT TO ENTER ONE OF THE SIX ROLLS-ROYCE CARS USED DURING HIS VISIT TO WAR GRAVES IN BELGIUM AND FRANCE: THE KING, WITH EARL HAIG (LEFT) LEAVING HIS SPECIAL TRAIN AT VIMY.

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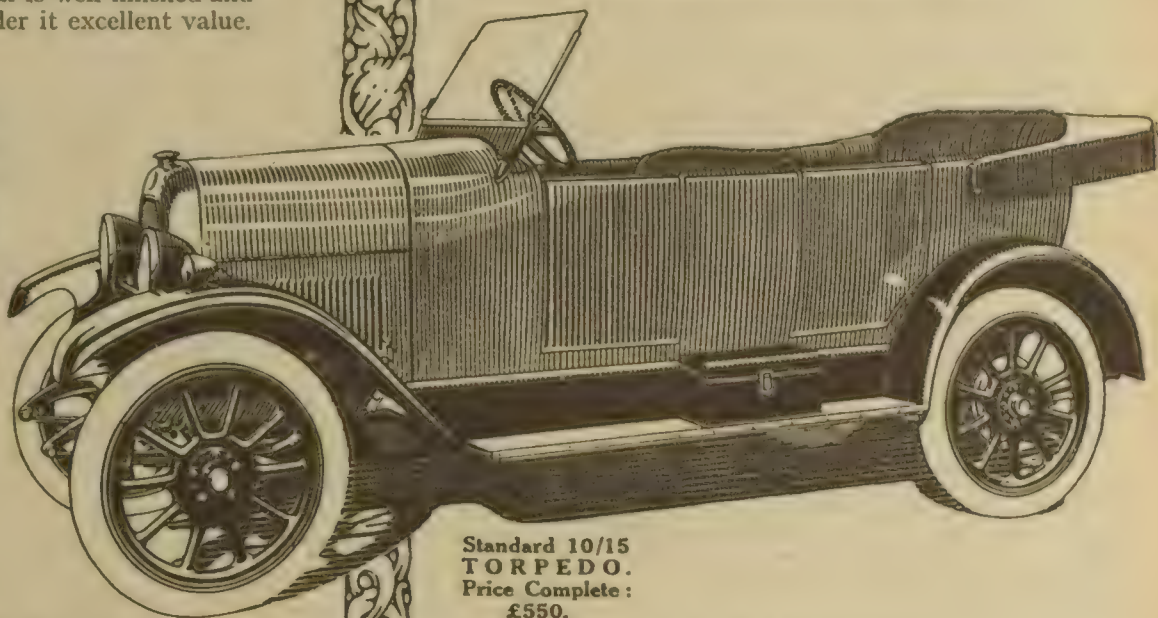
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THE ICE-CREAM BRICK.

ENGLISH weather being what it is, it seems strange that any firm should think it worth its while to install a costly plant capable of turning out 400 gallons of ice-cream an hour. That, nevertheless, is what Messrs. Lyons have lately done at Cadby Hall. Ice-cream has hitherto been regarded only as a hot-weather luxury. Very probably—as Messrs. Lyons calculate—the lack of opportunity has been partly responsible.

The new plant at Cadby Hall placed the ice-cream on a different footing. The new product—the Ice-



THE ICE-CREAM HABIT: LYONS'S ICE-CREAM BRICK AS A GARNITURE FOR CHOCOLATE PUDDING.

cream Brick—is something that can be bought and taken home as one buys a cake. There is no secret involved in its manufacture. The brick is simply a large block of ice-cream, equal in size to four ordinary sixpenny ices, that has been frozen unusually hard. Twice in the course of its making—once before packing in its box, and once after—the ice-cream brick is left for twenty-four hours in a temperature fifteen degrees below zero Fahrenheit. As a result, it keeps solid for at least two hours after purchase; and the City worker, returning home, may buy one at the nearest Lyons tea-shop on his way, and have an ice in perfect condition at the end of his dinner. An ice-brick, moreover, is an adaptable delicacy; one may use it in a hundred different ways with fruit, jellies, trifles, and puddings. Messrs. Lyons believe that the public only needs proper facilities to cultivate the ice-cream habit as it is practised in America, and, to judge from experience in the tea-shops during the last few days, they would seem to be right.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS." AT THE LYRIC.

UNLESS all the auguries are at fault, the new musical farce at the Lyric, "Whirled into Happiness," is going to repeat in London the success it has already won in other European capitals, and such success will be its desert. For it has got a sprightly story—quite a good and well-sustained plot, indeed—in which sentiment and fun run comfortably in harness; it is equipped with gay songs and tuneful music; its comedians have the chance of being really amusing; its vocalists and dancers are well looked after; its pretty ladies wear frocks of ravishing daintiness amid stage pictures that can without extravagance be called beautiful. What more can be asked for in the way of light entertainment? The idea, of course, of a barber masquerading as a Peer, and in that guise winning the love of an heiress, is familiar enough on the stage; but here the masquerade is so forced, as it were, on the hair-dresser's assistant by an obsequious theatre page, and the heroine, as a rich hatter's daughter, has so small a distance to stoop that she can be made happy without resort to any very absurd amount of make-believe. The score, mainly provided by Robert Stolz, is reminiscent of all sorts of styles, from the German waltz to the American

rag-time; but it has always got a lilt about it and is always vivacious, and the accompanying "business" of every musical turn and concerted piece has obviously been rehearsed to a nicety. Watch Mr. Billy Merson, for instance, an actor small in height perhaps, but proving here capable, as the quaint theatre page, of bearing the chief burden of mirth-making on his own shoulders—watch him in his song, "General Match-maker," drilling his little troupe of girls and their swains, and see how he gets every ounce of effect out of the humour of the words, the march of the melody, and the contrast between their stature and his own shorter figure. Or study him and Mr. Tom Walls, another born comedian; and Mr. Austin Melford, the burlesque lover; and with them charming Miss Lily St. John and Miss Mai Bacon letting themselves go in wild travesty of the "Bird of Paradise" kind of stunt in the rollicking number, "Robinson Crusoe's Isle"—the spirit of frolic could not be more unfettered or show itself more harmlessly. Or see, again, what

Miss St. John, who has come on wonderfully as actress as well as vocalist and dancer, and her partner, Mr. Melford, make of so hackneyed a thing as a love duet in the moonlight; there is real ingenuousness in the girl's singing, and there is a gossamer lightness about their little dance. Yes, it looks as if the new Lyric management had struck oil here.

"LIFE'S A GAME." AT THE KINGSWAY.

In "Life's a Game," acted at a series of matinées at the Kingsway, "Michael Orme" has been offering us



WITH HIS BUST OF PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE "SORROWING CHRIST": M. ALEXANDRE SAMBUGNAC, THE FAMOUS YUGO-SLAV SCULPTOR, IN HIS NEW YORK STUDIO.

M. Sambugnac has just completed the bust of President Wilson for the Serbian Committee which sent him to the United States to make it. The bust is to be placed in the University Library at Belgrade. The "Sorrowing Christ" is another of his recent works.—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]

a pleasant little comedy in which the old lessons are taught that the wife who wants to hold her husband must not mind the trouble of making and keeping
[Continued overleaf.]

Smoking Caps and Silken Tassels by "Warwick."

IT is the fashion to smile nowadays at the young ladies who used to present smoking caps to young gentlemen. The time has gone when a man could be led by a silken tassel, or his heart be touched by the presentation of a "smoking table" or a "smoking cabinet."

Yet these quaint and grotesque things spoke a certain reverence for tobacco. Smoking, like wine-drinking, was a cult; my Lady Nicotine was then a lady. But nowadays smoking is often a mere habit. Anything rolled up in a piece of paper is good enough.

And yet what a contrast is this wretched stuff to the fragrant mellowness of a Kenilworth cigarette! It is the thin and rasping vin ordinaire to the roundness of a royal claret. (For Kenilworths, like fine wine, are like velvet on the palate.)

"Keep," I say to such a man, "your tongue-stingers, your flavourless whiffs, your palate-warper; and leave me to enjoy the golden strands of my mellow, sun-ripened Kenilworth, and my pint of Pope Clement."

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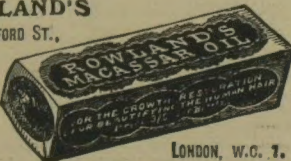
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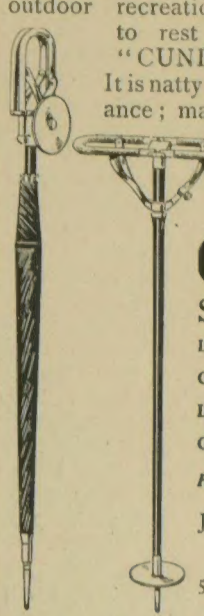
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(Continued.)

herself attractive, and that your "siren" cannot expect to retain her lover when she is proved to be old enough to be his mother. Cordelia Cleeve enforces these lessons in the play, and incidentally furnishes Miss Margaret Halstan with one of the most effective stage parts this engaging actress has had for many a long day... Cordelia comes to the rescue of her daughter-in-law Joyce at a time when Joyce's disregard of her appearance and prolonged housing of her dull parents have driven her husband to seek his pleasures away from home. The masterful Cordelia works wonders in next to no time. First, she takes the young wife in hand and rearranges her clothes and hair until the dowdy looks a beauty. Then, by the expedient of inviting to her son's house a K.C. and a lady of title who affect to be music-hall artists, and raffish at that, she drives Joyce's pompous father and mother out of doors. There remains the elder charmer with whom the inconstant Dicky seeks consolation, and her she routs by claiming her as a contemporary in Dicky's presence. The story sounds simple, but the stage-craft is admirable; while Miss Halstan is afforded the opportunity of running through the whole gamut of emotions. Hers is a brilliant piece of virtuosity; and only less clever work, because done to smaller scale, is Miss Mary Merrall's sketch of the titled lady with Bohemian manners. Mr. Ben Webster and Dame May Whitty were also in the cast.

"THE CURATE'S EGG," AT THE AMBASSADORS'. Mr. Arthur Wimperis gave the critics a thorough shock at the première of his new revue, "The Curate's Egg." For the best part of its opening half he poured out wit and humour and fancy with so lavish a hand that they sat up amazed, wild-eyed, obviously asking themselves if the impossible had happened, and a type of entertainment they had always assumed must be incoherent and vapid had suddenly taken on intelligence and become a genuine art-form. Theirs was a false alarm: the librettist's vein of cleverness was only spasmodic; revue became revue again; but for the sake of that half-hour or so of brilliance and what it may even yet portend it is difficult not to be a little rhapsodic over "The Curate's Egg." Especially as Mr. Nelson Keys, that admirable entertainer and mimic, is happily fitted with a round dozen or so of disguises and provides mirth in all, and there are also good turns for such artists as Miss Irene Russell, Mr. Henry Kendall, and Mr. Charles Groves.

RAILWAY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR Whitsuntide the Great Northern Railway Company have arranged a comprehensive programme of excursions, two long-distance corridor trains being scheduled to leave King's Cross on Friday, June 2, for 5, 6, 8, and 15 days, and four on Saturday, June 3, for 3, 4, 7, and 14 days. These will be duplicated as necessary. On Friday the special trains will leave King's Cross at 7.20 p.m. for Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness, etc., and at 9.40 p.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc. The special trains on the Saturday will leave King's Cross at 10.25 a.m. for stations in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands; at 2.20 p.m. for Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland; at 2.45 p.m. for the Norfolk District and Lincolnshire; and at 3.35 p.m. to the Midlands and Eastern and Northern Counties. The excursion tickets will be issued at a single fare and a third for the double journey. For those who are only able to take a short holiday, day excursions will be run on Whit-Sunday and Monday.

By the Great Western Railway there is a large choice of attractive places to go to for a Whitsuntide holiday. There are many delightful seaside resorts in the West of England and in Wales to be reached by this line for those who have opportunity to travel far afield. Special excursions have been arranged for Whitsuntide, and attractive day-trips to Thames riverside and other places. Details of ordinary and excursion services and fares, including cheap week-end tickets, can be obtained by sending a postcard to the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington, London, W., or by telephoning to Paddington 7000.

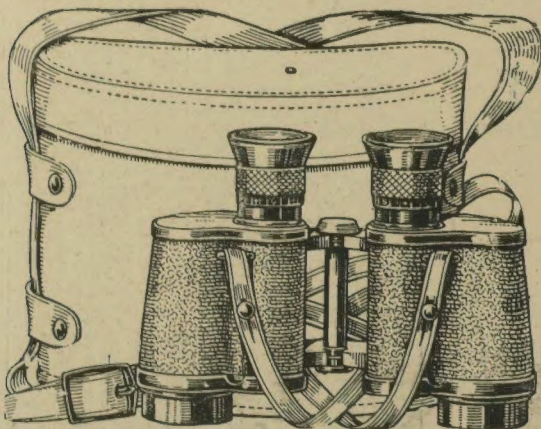
For the benefit of those wishing to spend Whitsuntide on the Continent, the Great Eastern Railway has arranged to issue cheap 15-day tickets to Antwerp, Brussels, and Zeebrugge on June 1, 2, 3 and 4; also week-end tickets to Zeebrugge. The restaurant and Pullman-car boat express leaves Liverpool Street at 8.40 p.m. Cheap excursions to holiday resorts on the East Coast and in the Eastern Counties, for 3, 4, 7, or 14 days, commence on Saturday, June 3, by afternoon and evening special trains from Liverpool Street. The return journey will be made by specified trains on June 5, 6, 9, or 16. Full particulars can be obtained

from the Publicity Office, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2, or at the West End Ticket and Information Bureau, 71, Regent Street, W.1.

For Whitsuntide on the Continent cheap tickets to Paris by Calais and Boulogne will be issued daily by the South-Eastern and Chatham Company from June 1 to 5 inclusive, available to return within 15 days, and similar tickets to Brussels via Dover-Ostend and Dover-Calais. Passports will be essential both to Paris and Brussels. Special tickets, without passports, will be issued to Boulogne, Calais and Ostend on June 2, 3, and 4, available for return on any day up to the following Wednesday. Special day-trip tickets, London to Boulogne, Folkestone to Boulogne, and Dover to Calais and back, also without passports, will be issued on June 1, and daily throughout the summer season. An express service to Switzerland has been arranged, beginning June 1. Particulars of the Continental Whitsuntide cheap tickets, etc., can be obtained at the Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) Station. Phone: Victoria 8130 (Ext. 29), and particulars of the home Whitsuntide services at any of the company's stations or agencies.

As usual, the Brighton and South Coast Railway's arrangements for the Whitsuntide holiday will be found to be very far-reaching, and will, no doubt, attract a very large number of visitors to the South Coast resorts. Fast trains and numerous cheap tickets will be the order of the day. As regards Continental excursions, special services have been arranged by the popular Newhaven and Dieppe route to Paris and all parts of France, Switzerland, and Italy, daily. Express trains leave Victoria (Brighton Railway) every week-day and Sunday at 10 a.m. Cheap excursions for 1 to 15 days to Paris by these services will be run on June 1 to 5 at return fares of 8s. 10d. (first), 6s. 10d. (second), and 4s. 10d. (third). In addition, excursions will be run to Dieppe on June 2 to 5, the return fares being 7s. 10d., 5s. 10d., and 3s. 10d. Passports are unnecessary for week-end visits to Dieppe. To the South Coast, period excursions, for 8 or 15 days, will be run on Friday, June 2, and every Friday during the season, from Victoria. There are also cheap day excursions to Brighton and other South Coast resorts and to places on the Surrey hills, and special cheap return tickets on Whit-Monday (2s. 3d., including admission) to the Crystal Palace.

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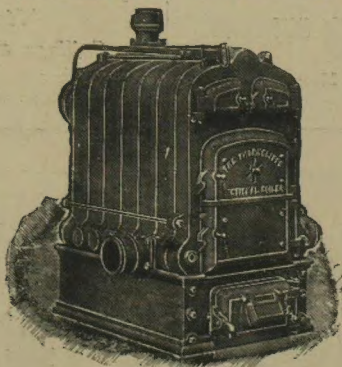
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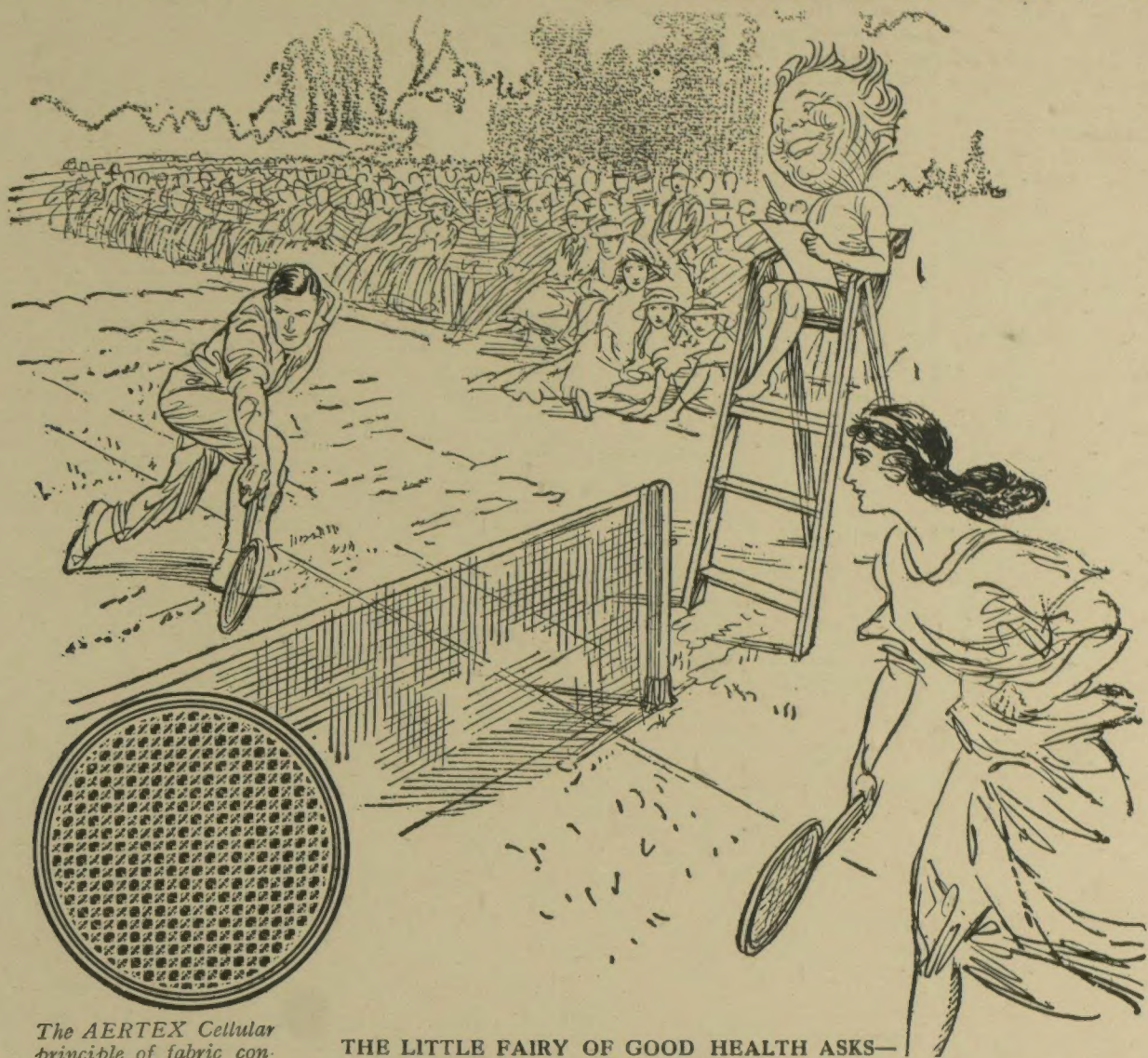
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